

★ STAR ★ COMICS

A RAPID VIEW OF FUN THAT'S NEW

★ ★ ★ ★ ★
JULY
AUGUST
10¢



WINGBOR MCCAY JR.

LAUGHS FOR EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

Jest for fun

July - August 1937

ENTERTAINMENT FOR THE ENTIRE FAMILY

GLORIOUS FOURTH

Perhaps the most effective display of fireworks ever shown was NOT given on Fourth of July. It was in the year 1840, when China manufactured most of the world's fireworks. The American brig, INDEPENDENCE, laden with fireworks for celebrations in the United States, lay becalmed off the island of Sumatra.

Suddenly during the watches of the night came the dreaded warning, "Pirates!" The crew swarmed to the deck to find approaching two Malay war proas, filled with dark skinned plunderers. The crew waited, watching the boats steal silently upon them, heard the muffled directions of the pirate captain.

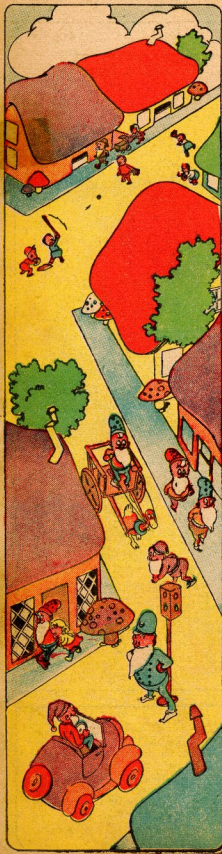
Decimus Fortnidge, captain of the American ship, thought quickly, for there was no ammunition. Breaking open a case of fireworks close at hand, he began shooting fireballs from Roman candles out over the sparkling waters. The pirates stopped, amazed at these new bullets from the guns of the white sailors, bullets that flared so beautifully and burned so painfully. Fearfully they withdrew.

But a third proa had come close, attacking from the other side of the ship! Then all at once, close to the captain's feet, flared a light from burning wood. One of the cases of fireworks accidentally had caught fire. Captain Forthridge lifted the burning box and hurled it into the proa in the water below.

Immediately there was a series of explosions and pretty lights zooming here and there among the pirates. With cries of fear and shrieks of pain, the dark plunderers dived overboard, preferring to risk the danger of sharks rather than the wrath of the demons they had encountered.

THE FOURTH OF JULY is our most patriotic holiday and this year we can commemorate our one hundred and sixty-first birthday as an INDEPENDENT nation. It is a mighty GLORIOUS feeling to be a citizen of the UNITED STATES OF AMERICA and your celebration this year should be a most happy one! Remember that you don't have to shoot off too many fireworks to celebrate; you don't have to risk getting yourself injured either to get into the spirit of the holiday. There are hundreds of SAFE ways to enjoy it. One SURE WAY of celebrating SAFELY and DELIGHTFULLY is to get a copy of STAR COMICS, JULY NUMBER, and sit out under the old apple tree. But however you spend the day, may you have a GLORIOUS FOURTH!

WE FEEL THAT WHILE YOU ARE ENJOYING YOUR SUMMER VACATIONS YOU SHOULD HAVE ONE BIG VACATION NUMBER OF STAR COMICS. HENCE WE HAVE COMBINED THE JULY AND AUGUST ISSUES AND WILL BE SEEING YOU AGAIN IN SEPTEMBER. DON'T FORGET STAR RANGER, ON SALE WEDNESDAY! THE JULY-AUGUST ISSUE IS A WOW!



STAR COMICS

HARRY "A" CHESLER

Editor & Publisher

George Nagle Managing Editor

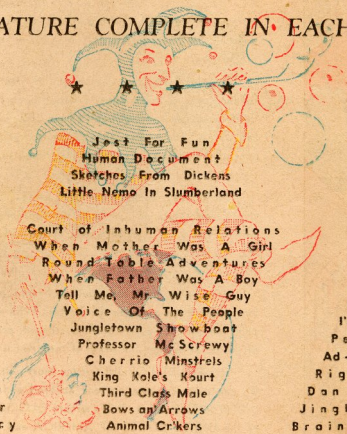
No. 5

JULY—AUGUST, 1937

10c

CONTENTS

EVERY FEATURE COMPLETE IN EACH ISSUE



Impy
Wilbur
Joe M'Gee
Jack Potts
Gooby Land
Shinanigans
Topsy Turvy
Li'l Arthur
Belly Laughs
Foxy Grandpa
Bib & Tucker
Officer Clancy

Jest For Fun
Human Document
Sketches From Dickens
Little Nemo In Slumberland
Court of Inhuman Relations
When Mother Was A Girl
Round Table Adventures
When Father Was A Boy
Tell Me, Mr. Wise Guy
Voice Of The People
Jungletown Showboat
Professor McScrewy
Cherrio Minstrels
King Kola's Kourt
Third Class Male
Bows an' Arrows
Animal Cr'kers

Pokey
Joe Dokes
Bug - Ville
The Prince
I'm A Sphinx
I'm The Guy
Penny Aunty
Ad-Ventures
Riggin' Bill
Dan Hastings
Jingle Jingle
Brain Teasers

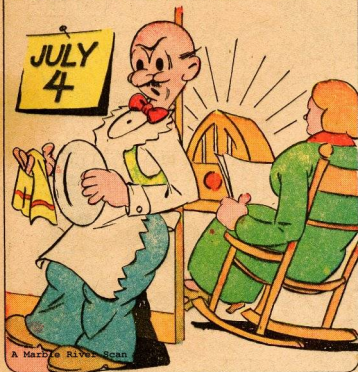
all Star Comics

STAR COMICS is published monthly by CHESLER PUBLICATIONS, INC., 420 De Soto Avenue, St. Louis, Mo. Editorial and Executive Offices, 274 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Entered as second class matter March 1, 1937 at post office, St. Louis, Mo., under act of March 3rd, 1879. Subscription price: 12 issues in the United States and its possessions, and Canada, \$1.00. Foreign countries, \$2.00. Single copies, 10 cents.

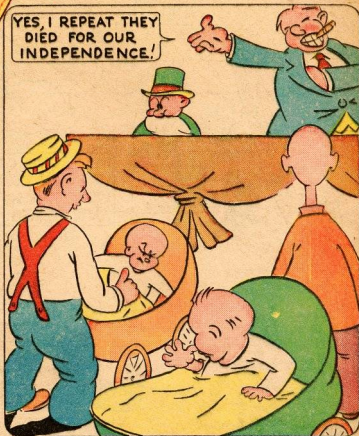
The publishers accept no responsibility for unsolicited drawings or manuscripts, but will exercise due care in handling same. Drawings and manuscripts to receive consideration, must be accompanied by postage sufficient to insure their return to owner. BEFORE SUBMITTING DRAWINGS OR MANUSCRIPTS WRITE FOR INSTRUCTIONS. This magazine printed in U. S. A. and entire contents COPYRIGHTED, 1937, by CHESLER PUBLICATIONS, INC. All rights reserved.

BELLY LAUGHS

AND REMEMBER ON THIS GLORIOUS
FOURTH OF JULY OUR FOREFATHERS DIED
SO THAT WE COULD BE FREE



YES, I REPEAT THEY
DIED FOR OUR
INDEPENDENCE!



UNLIKE THE REST OF THE WORLD WE
HAVE OUR FREEDOM OF THOUGHT AND SPEECH

WHERE'S THE OTHER
FIFTEEN CENTS?



WE DON'T WORK TO-DAY,-
IT'S THE FOURTH OF JULY!
IT'S THE DAY WE CELEBRATE
OUR FREEDOM!

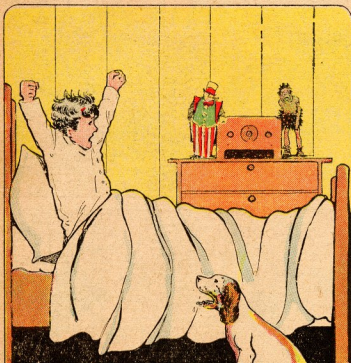


SHWAVIGANS



LITTLE NEMO

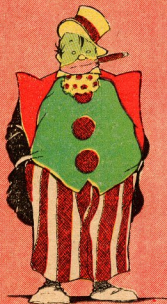
IN SLUMBERLAND



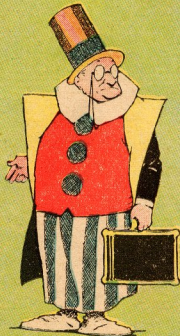
I LOVE TO LIE ABED AND DREAM,
FOR, DREAMING- IS SUCH FUN,
AND SLUMBERLAND IS JUST THE PLACE
FOR EVERY TIRED ONE.



FOR THERE YOU'LL SEE THE PRINCESS FAIR,
THE DAUGHTER OF THE KING,
WHOSE SMILE SO SWEET BRINGS LOVE AND JOY
TO EVERY LIVING THING-.



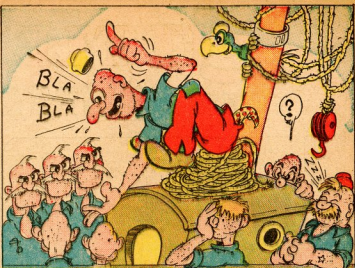
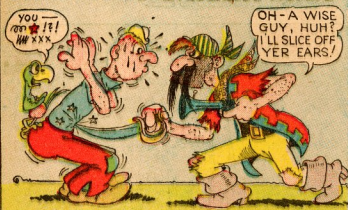
ADVENTURE, TOO, IS IN THIS LAND;
IT'S BROUGHT ABOUT BY FLIP,
WHO GREET'S ME WITH HIS BIG GIGAR,
ON EVERY SLUMBER, TRIP.



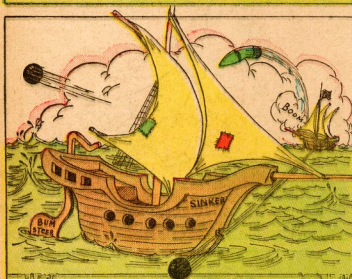
SHOULD I BE ILL BEFORE I WAKE,
NO SICKNESS DO I FEAR,
FOR, I KNOW GOOD FRIEND DOCTOR PILL
IS EVER, HOVERING NEAR,

Riggin' Bill

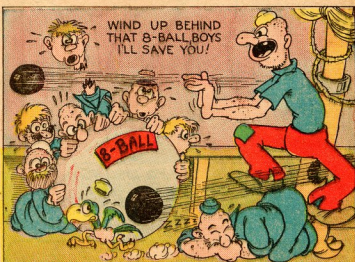
THAT LYIN' SAILOR MAN



"THE TOUGHEST PIRATES EVER KNOWN,
THE HARDEST ONES TO KILL,
ARE THOSE ALONG THE MALAY COAST,"
SAID MISTER RIGGIN' BILL.



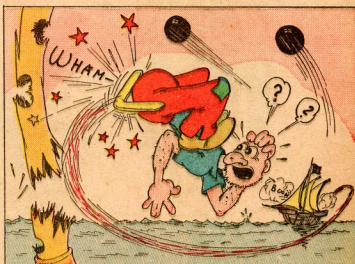
"WE MET A BAND OF THESE ONE DAY,
A TOUGH AND MOTLEY CREW.
THEY SENT A SHOT ACROSS OUR BOW,
AS BUCCANEERS WILL DO.



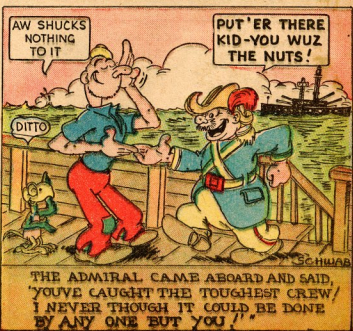
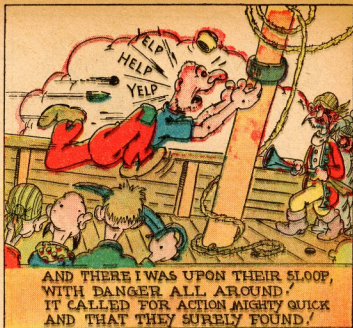
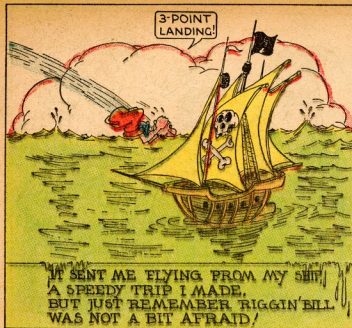
THE CAPTAIN AND THE CREW, OF COURSE,
WERE SCARED AS SCARED COULD BE.
'T WAS CAPTURE AND THEN CERTAIN DEATH,
FOR THEM AS WELL AS ME.



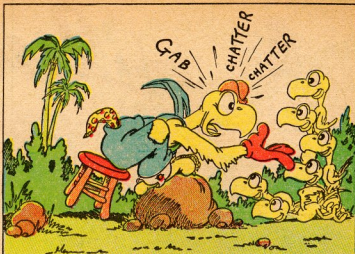
I ORDERED ALL HANDS TO THE GUNS
AND QUICKLY TOOK COMMAND.
I CLIMBED ATOP THE MIZZIN MAST,
A SCHEME I CAREFULLY PLANNED.



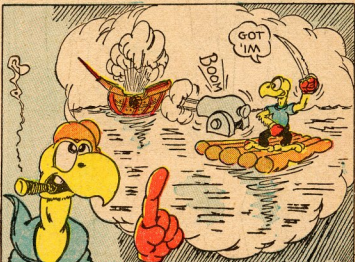
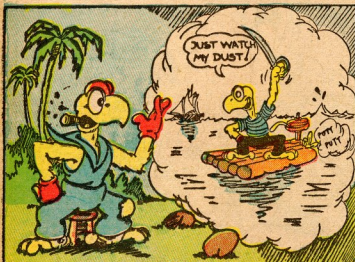
WHILE SHOT AND SHELL WERE FLYING PAST
MY HEAD WAS COOL AND CLEAR,
TILL THEY SENT OFF A BOOMERANG
THAT CAUGHT ME IN THE REAR.



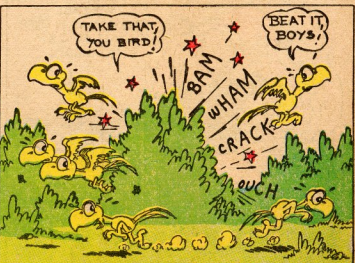
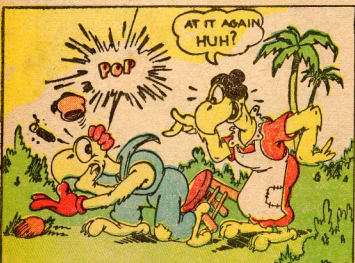
I'm THE Guy



YOU TALK ABOUT YOUR PIRATES BOLD,-
WE MET THEM ON THIS TRIP!
AND BILL AND I, WE CAUGHT THEM ALL
AND NAILED THEM TO THE SHIP!



WHEN HE WAS THERE ABOARD THEIR SHIP
AND SETTING IN THEIR SAILS,
'T WAS I WHO SAID, 'NOW GET TO WORK,
WITH HAMMER AND WITH NAILS!'

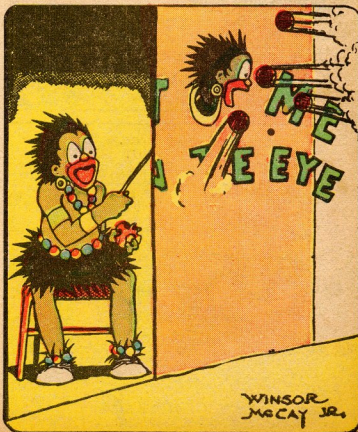
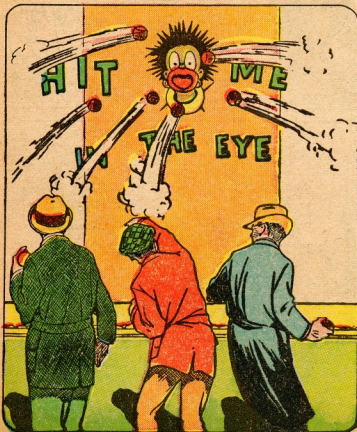


I TOOK MY GUNS AND LINED THEM UP!
I HELD THEM ALL IN CHECK!
WHILE BILL TOOK EACH AND EVERY ONE
AND NAILED THEM TO THE DECK!

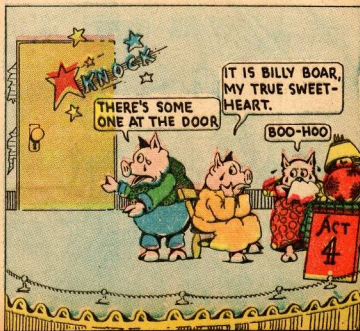
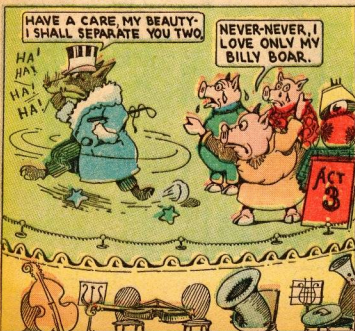
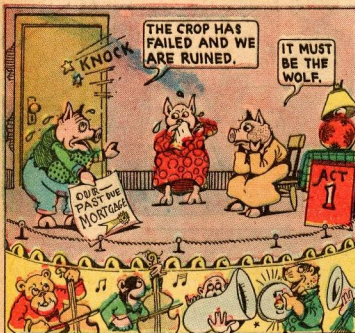
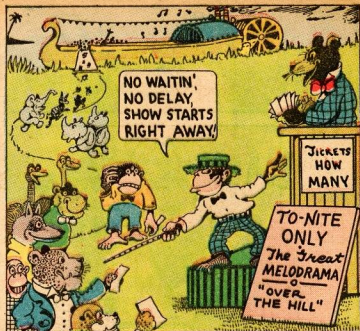
"THAT'S QUITE A TALE," SAID MRS. TIX,
"YOU WIN THE LOVING CUP,
SO I'LL JUST NAIL YOU DOWN MYSELF
TO SEE IF YOU'LL SHUT-UP!"

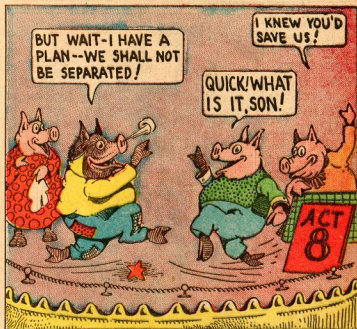
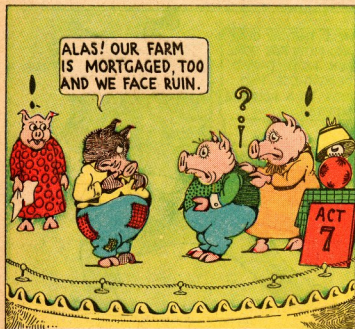
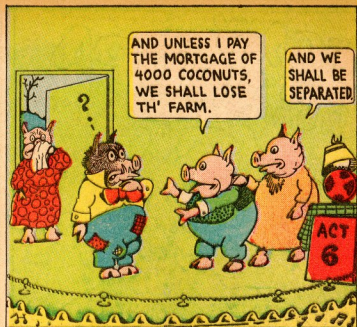
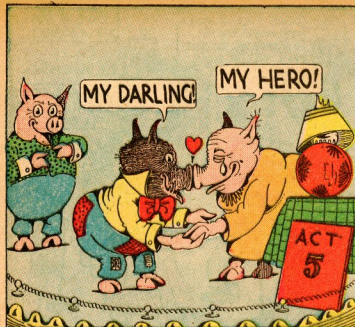


Slurpy

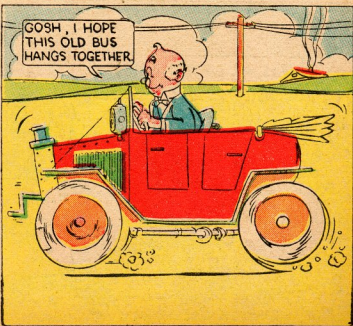
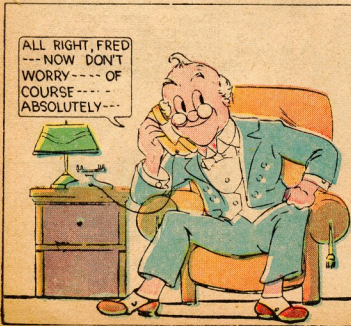
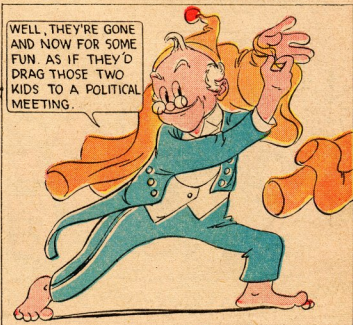
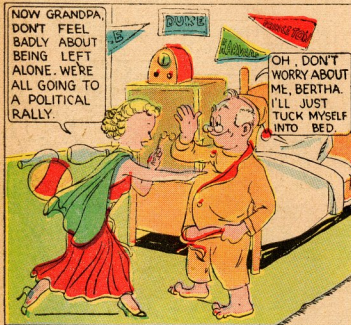
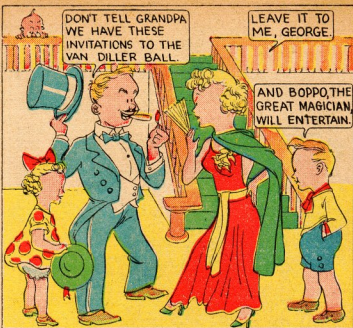


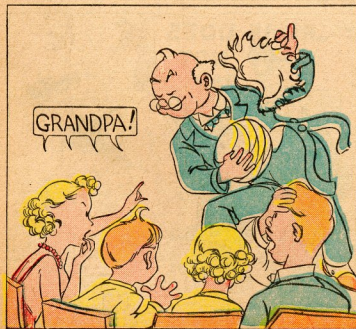
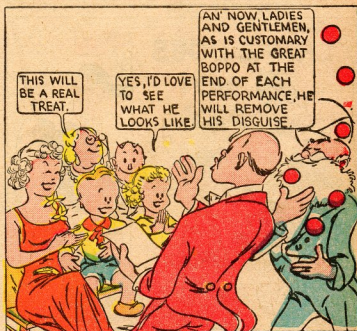
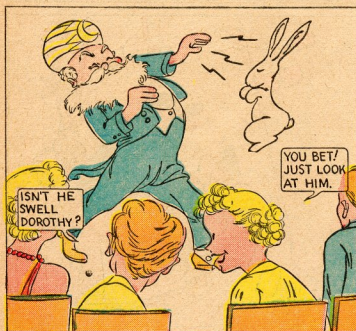
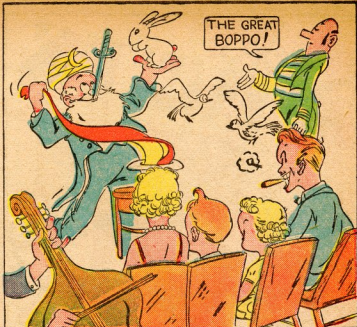
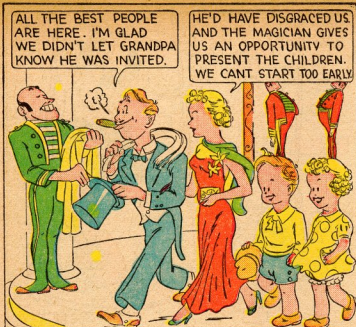
JUNGLE-TOWN SHOW BOAT

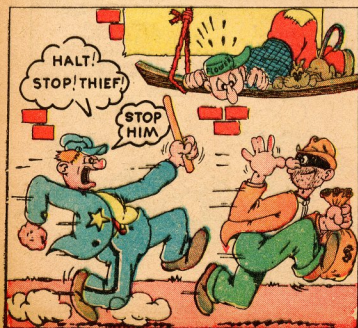
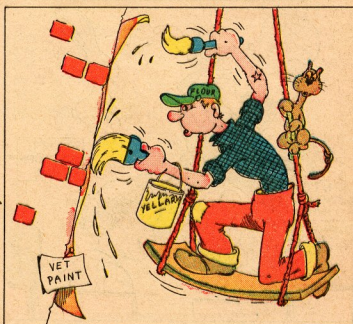
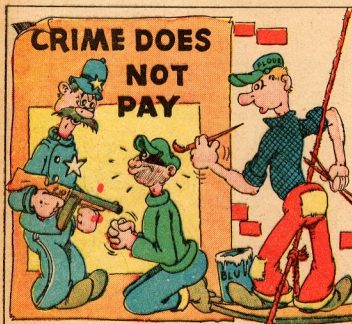
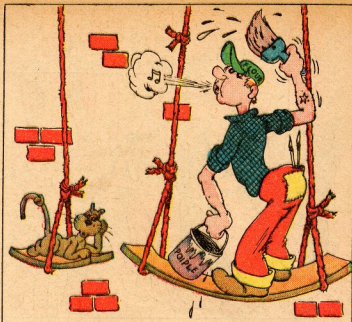




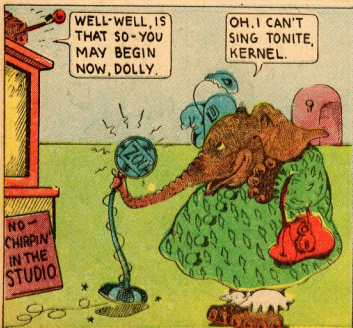
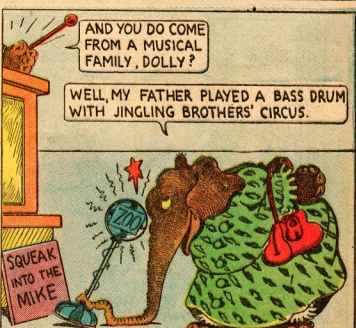
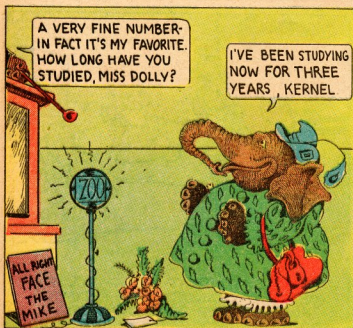
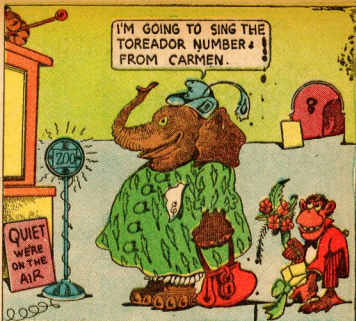
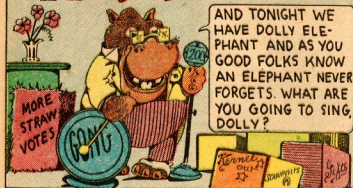
FOXY GRANDPA



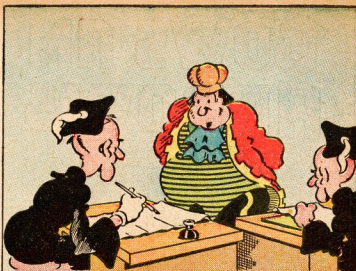
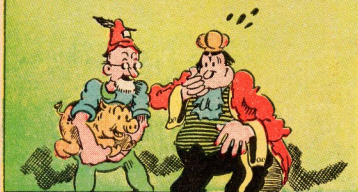




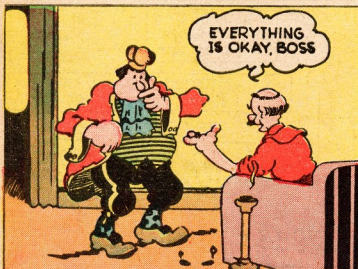
BOWS AN' ARROWS



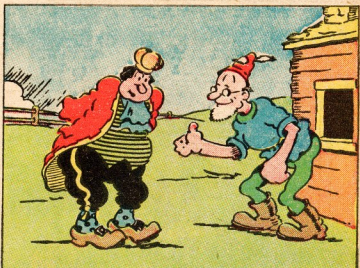
King Koles' Kourt



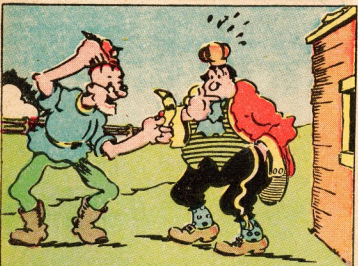
THROUGH THE KINGDOM OLD KING KOLE WAS HUSTLING AND REVIEWING, SEEING FOR HIMSELF JUST HOW HIS NEWEST DEAL WAS DOING.



HE CALLED UPON HIS SUBJECTS, SOUGHT TO FIND OUT HOW HE STOOD, AROUND THE TOWNS AND CITIES AND THE FARMING NEIGHBORHOOD.



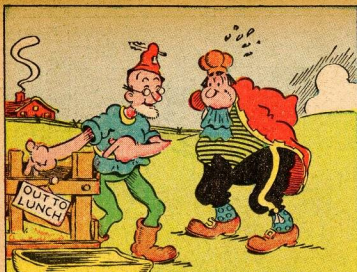
HE STOPPED OFF AT A FARMHOUSE, ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE TOWN, INQUIRED FOR THE OWNER, WHO WAS GOOD OLD FARMER BROWN.



'O JOLLY KING,' THE FARMER SAID, YOUR NEW DEAL'S QUITE A GAME. I DONT HAVE TO WORK AT ALL. GET PAYMENTS JUST THE SAME.



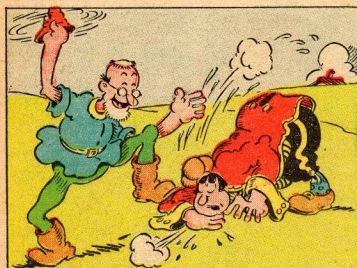
LAST MONTH A MAN CAME HERE TO ME AND SAID 'WHAT DO YOU RAISE?' I TOLD HIM 'PIGS' AND IN HIS BOOK HE WROTE DOWN ALL OKAYS.



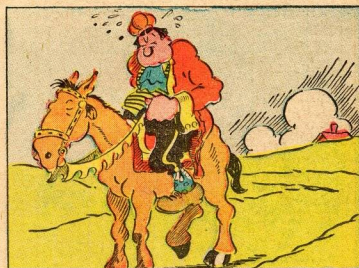
I SAID, 'I RAISE NINE HUNDRED,'
HE WROTE THAT BY MY NAME,
THEN SAID, 'DON'T RAISE UP ANY MORE;
WE'LL PAY YOU JUST THE SAME'



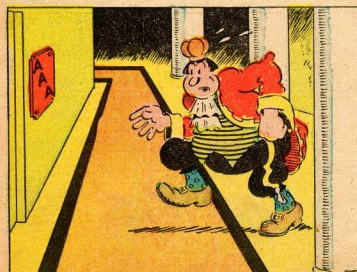
NEXT YEAR I'LL DO MUCH BETTER,
FOR WHEN HE TAKES THE COUNT,
I'LL TELL HIM I'M NOT RAISING
NEARLY DOUBLE THAT AMOUNT.



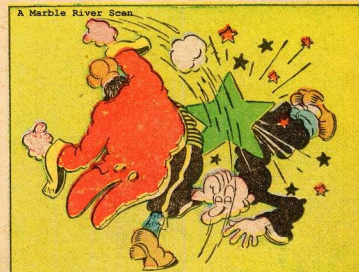
NOW DO YOU WONDER, KINDLY KING,
JUST WHY YOUR NAME I PRAISE?
I ALSO GOT A CHECK TO FEED
THE PIGS I DIDN'T RAISE!"



THE KING JUST SIGHED AND SAID GOOD-BYE,
GOOD BYE TO FARMER BROWN,
THEN JUMPED UPON HIS TRUSTY MARE
AND RODE BACK INTO TOWN.



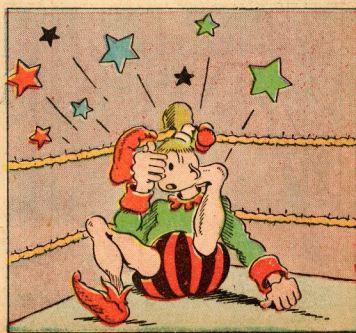
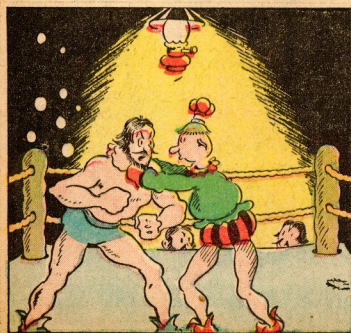
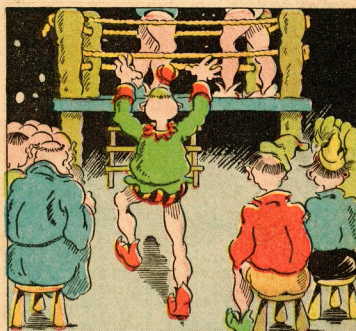
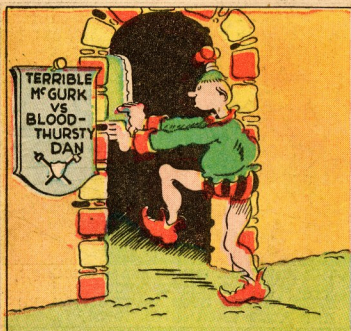
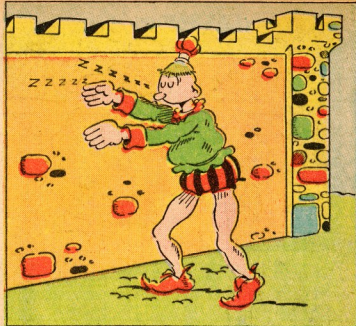
IT SEEMS THAT HE WAS ILL AT EASE
AND LABORED UNDER STRESS;
HE SOUGHT TO FIND THE ONE IN CHARGE,
HIS FEELINGS TO EXPRESS.



A Marble River Scan

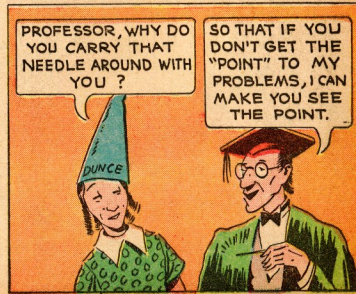
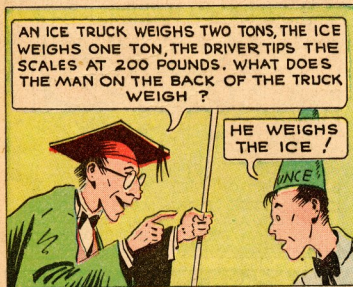
HE FOUND HIM IN HIS OFFICE;
THE NEIGHBORS HEARD HIM SAY,
AS ON THE FLOOR HE LAID HIM COLD,
"I'VE SEEN YOUR AAA."

The Prince

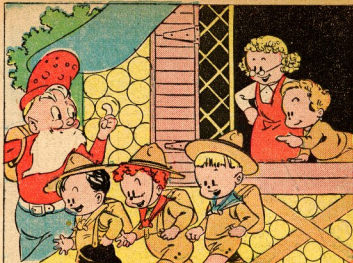
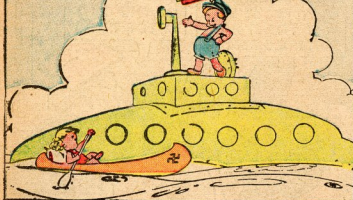


Professor ~~Mc~~ Screwy

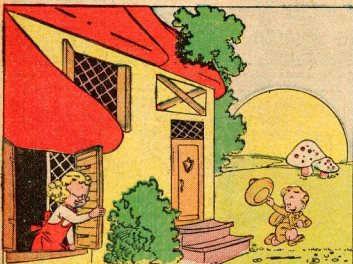
PRESENTING HIS EDUCATIONAL CLASS



GOOBY- LAND



YOUNG MICKEY GOOBY'S PA AND MA
SAID CAMPING HE COULD GO,-
THE OPEN AIR WOULD DO HIM GOOD,
AS ALL GOOD PARENTS KNOW.



THEY PACKED HIS GRIP AND HE WAS OFF,
OFF WITH A JOYFUL SHOUT,
TO SPEND ALL SUMMER IN THE WOODS
AND BE A GOOBY SCOUT.



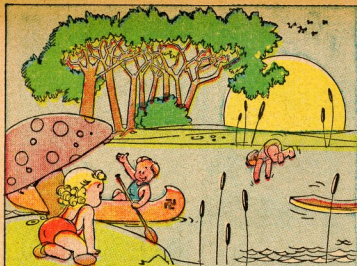
THE MASTER OF THIS SCOUTING TROOP,
ADVISING ALL THE BOYS,
TOLD THEM THE PROPER THINGS TO DO
TO GATHER WOODLAND JOYS.



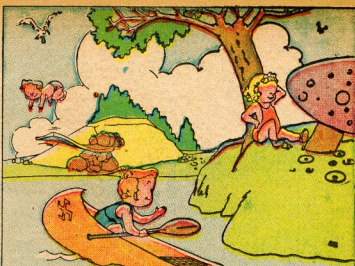
"DON'T GO IN SWIMMING AFTER MEALS,-
THIS WARNING I GIVE YOU.
AND NEVER STAND UP IN A BOAT
OR ROCK IN YOUR CANOE."



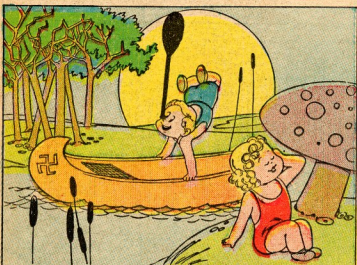
BUT MICKEY WAS A SMART YOUNG CHAP,
WHO THOUGHT HE KNEW IT ALL.
HE WOULDN'T TAKE THIS GOOD ADVICE
OR HEED A WARNING CALL.



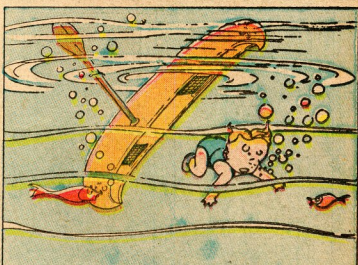
NEXT MORNING WHILE OUT ON THE LAKE,
OUT PADDLING HIS CANOE,
HE SPIED A CHARMING MAIDEN THERE,
THEN SMILED AND SAID, 'YOO-HOO!'



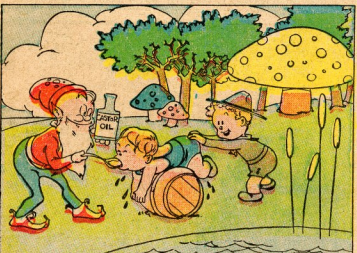
SHE DIDN'T ANSWER HIM AT ALL,
WAS ABSOLUTELY CURT.
SHE ONLY GAVE A SCORNFUL LOOK,
FOR GOOBY GIRLS DON'T FLIRT.



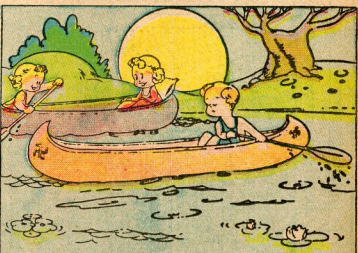
THEN HE GOT SMART AND, SHOWING OFF,
BEGAN TO DO SOME TRICKS,
LIKE BALANCING UPON ONE FOOT
AND JUGGLING PADDLE STICKS.



FIRST THING YOU KNOW HE TUMBLED OFF
AND OVERBOARD HE FELL.
SANK TO THE BOTTOM OF THE LAKE,
A STORY SAD TO TELL.



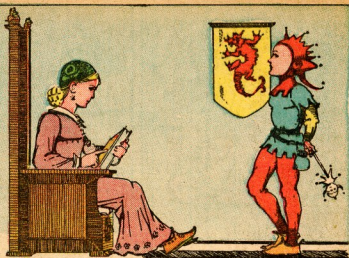
THEY FISHED HIM OUT ALL SOAKING WET,
THEN BROUGHT HIM BACK ON SHORE.
THEY PUMPED HIM OUT AND DOSED HIM UP
WITH NASTY CASTOR OIL.



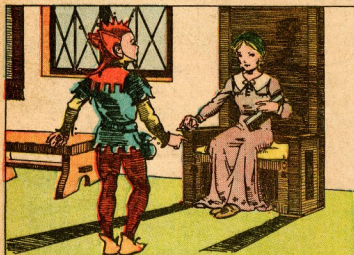
NOW REST ASSURED FROM THAT DAY ON,
WHEN OUT UPON THE LAKE,
HE DOESN'T GAZE TO LEFT OR RIGHT.
NO CHANCES DOES HE TAKE.

Round Table Adventures

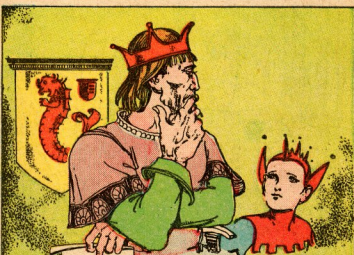
THE
BURNING
GLASS



"PLEASE TELL A STORY, JESTER LAD,"
THE LITTLE PRINCESS SAID.
"I'D LOVE TO HEAR A FAIRY TALE
LIKE THOSE IN BOOKS I'VE READ."



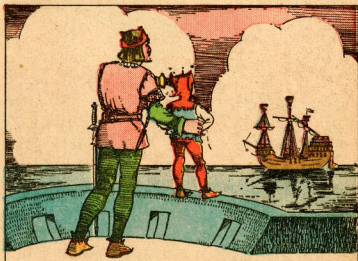
"INDEED I DON'T TELL FAIRY TALES,"
THE TINY LAD REPLIED.
"I'LL TELL A TALE THAT'S REALLY TRUE
WHILE STANDING AT YOUR SIDE"



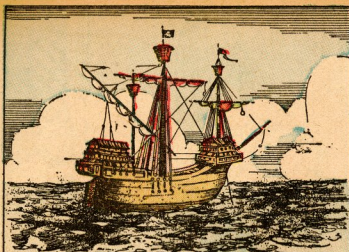
MY NOBLE KING WAS QUITE DISTRESSED
AT HEARING NEWS ONE DAY
THAT TWENTY PIRATE SHIPS ARRIVED
AND ANCHORED IN THE BAY



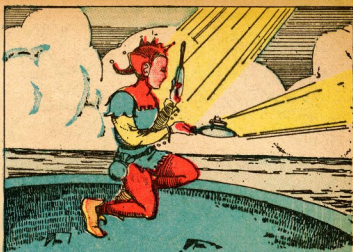
THEY PLANNED TO SACK OUR PEACEFUL TOWN.
TO PLUNDER LEFT AND RIGHT.
AND THEIR EVIL OPERATIONS
WERE TO BEGIN THAT NIGHT



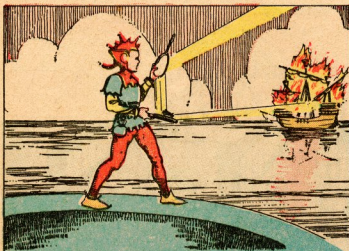
THE KING AND I REVIEWED THEIR FLEET
FROM TOP THE CASTLE WALL.
SAID I, 'FEAR NOT O' GALLANT SIR
FOR I SHALL ROUT THEM ALL.'



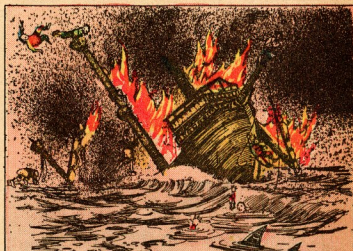
THE FLAGSHIP OF THIS PIRATE BOLD
SHALL BE DESTROYED THIS DAY
I PROMISE YOU THAT WHEN IT IS
THE REST WILL SAIL AWAY.



MY BURNING GLASS BROUGHT INTO PLAY
AND HARNESS'ED TO THE GUN,
IT CAUGHT ITS FLAMING RAYS AND THEN
THIS VERY THING WAS DONE.



I QUICKLY SENT IT THROUGH THE AIR,
SET FIRE TO THE SAIL!
I SAW THE CREW IN PANIC,
I HEARD THEM LOUDLY WAIL.



THE SHIP ITSELF WENT UP IN FLAME,
A PLEASING SIGHT TO ME.
THE OTHER ONE'S IN QUICK RETREAT,
SAILED FOR THE OPEN SEA



THE KING AND KINGDOM, OVERJOYED,
GAVE ME A ROUSING CHEER
SAID I 'THERE'S NEVER DANGER ROUND
AS LONG AS I AM NEAR.'

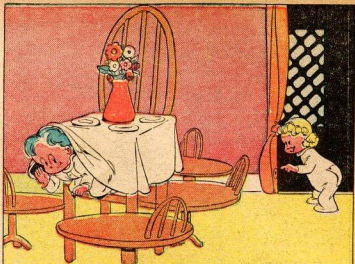


"HOW BRAVE YOU ARE," THE PRINCESS SAID
HER EYES LIT UP WITH JOY.
TO ME YOU ARE A GALLANT KNIGHT
AND NOT A JESTER BOY.

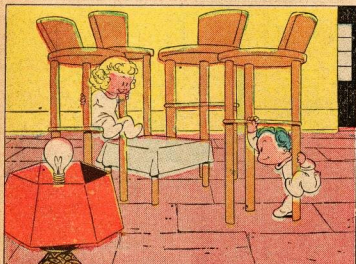
TOPSY TURVY



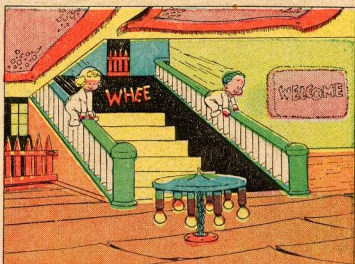
A Marble River Story



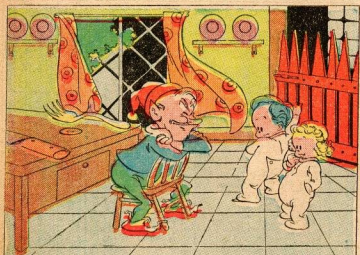
SPYING A HOUSE ON THE SIDE OF THE ROAD, THEY WENT THERE AND OPENED THE DOOR. THROUGH ALL THE ROOMS THEY WENT WANDERING EACH CORNER, THEY WENT TO EXPLORE.



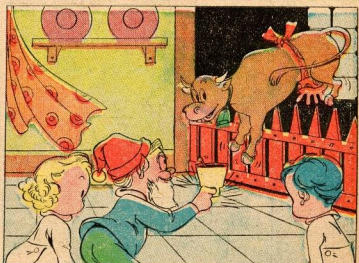
THE TABLES THEY SAW WERE TINY AND CUTE, NO MORE THAN A FOOT FROM THE GROUND. THE CHAIRS WERE AS HIGH AS HIGH AS COULD BE NOT STRAIGHT UP AND DOWN BUT WERE ROUND.



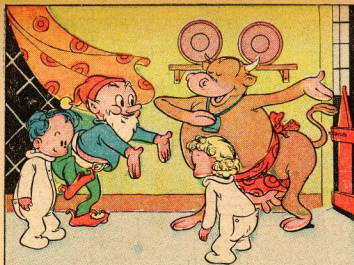
RUGS ON THE CEILING AND MATS ON THE WALL! THE CHANDELIER LAY ON THE FLOOR! THE WAY THAT YOU WENT INTO THE NEXT ROOM WAS RIGHT THROUGH A FENCE, NOT A DOOR.



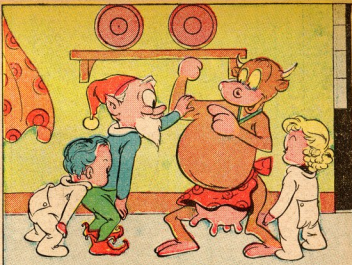
THEY WENT SNOOPING AROUND IN THE KITCHEN, WHERE THEY FOUND THE BIGGEST SURPRISE:- THE LITTLE OLD MAN WAS SITTING RIGHT THERE, A TWINKLE IN BOTH OF HIS EYES!



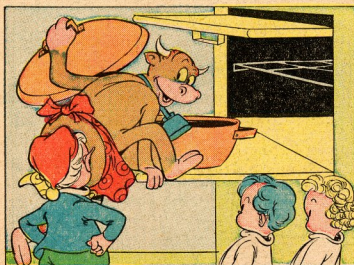
HE SMILED AS HE SAID, 'IT'S JUST DINNER TIME, HAVE SOMETHING TO EAT WITH ME NOW.' SO HE RANG A BELL AND WHAT DO YOU THINK? RIGHT OVER THE FENCE JUMPED A COW!



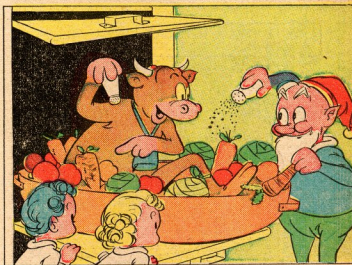
HE SAID TO THE COW, "WE'D ALL LIKE TO EAT; WE'D LIKE TO HAVE DINNER FOR THREE." "ROAST BEEF WOULD BE NICE," THE LITTLE TOTS SAID. THE COW SAID, "THEN HOW ABOUT ME?"



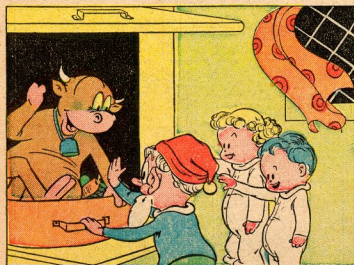
"HOW MUCH ARE YOU WORTH?" THE LITTLE MAN ASKS. THE COW SAID, "A QUARTER A POUND." THE BARGAIN WAS STRUCK. THE COW SAID TO PAY HIS FATHER WHEN HE CAME AROUND.



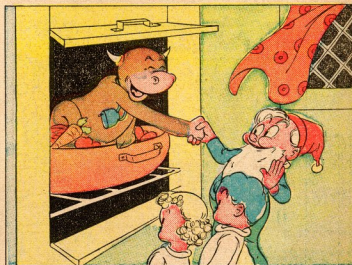
THEN THE COW PUT HIS HAND IN THE OVEN AND PICKED OUT A LARGE ROASTING PAN. HE TUCKED HIMSELF IN AND SAID WITH A GRIN "I'LL COOK UP AS FAST AS I CAN."



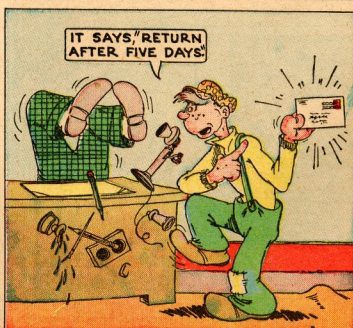
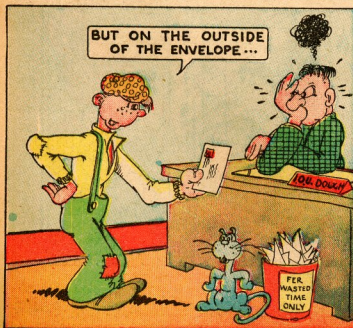
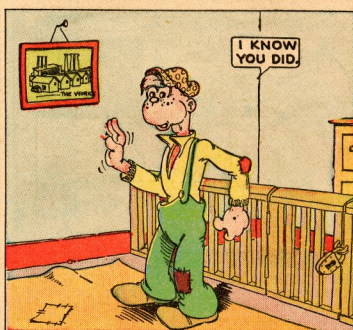
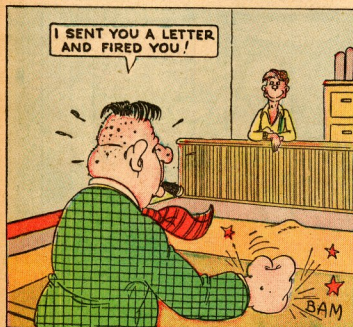
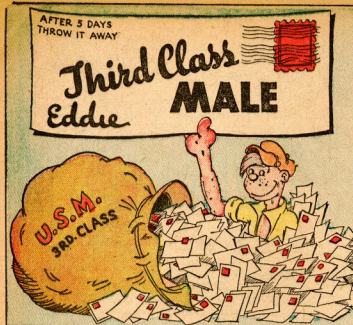
THE LITTLE OLD MAN THEN COVERED HIM UP WITH PEPPER AND SALT AND SUET, PACKED SOME POTATOES ON BOTH OF HIS SIDES. HE KNEW THE RIGHT WAY TO DO IT.



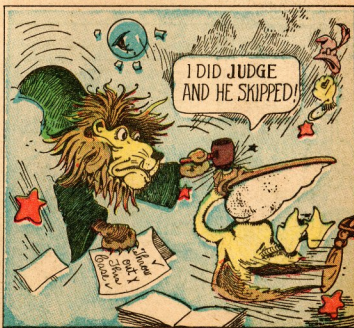
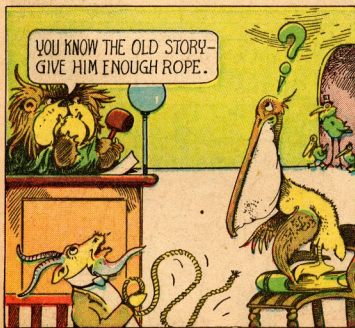
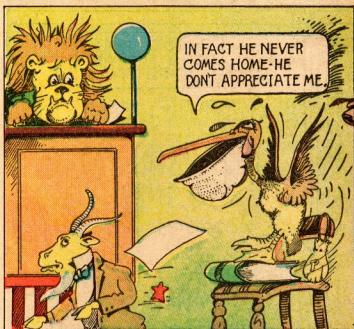
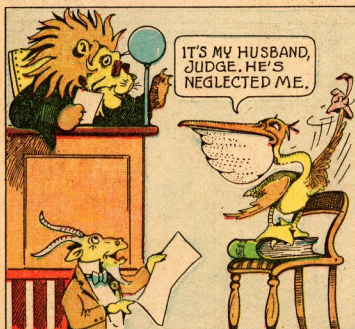
THERE HE WAS LYING RIGHT DOWN IN THE PAN, LIKE SOMEBODY GOING TO BED. AND BEFORE HE WENT INTO THE OVEN, HE SMILED TO THEM ALL AS HE SAID,



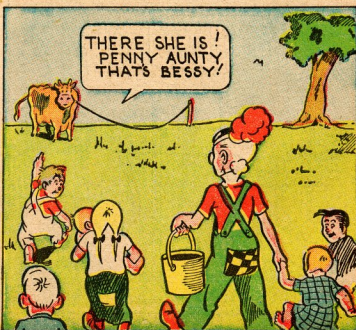
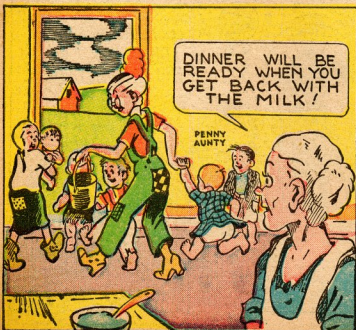
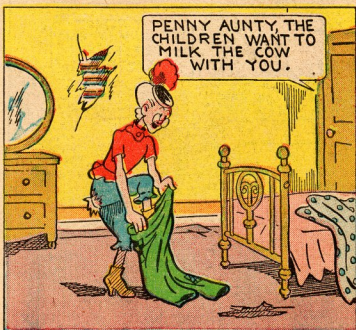
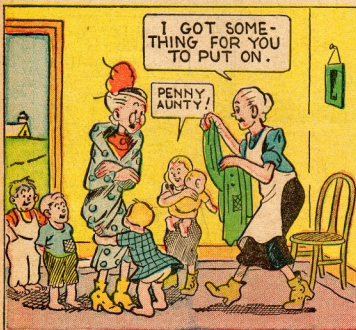
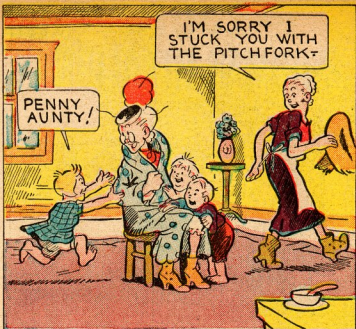
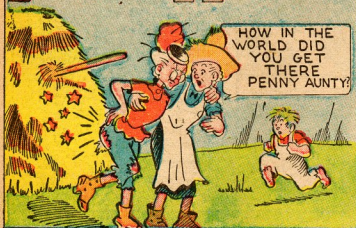
"I'M CERTAINLY GLAD THAT I MET YOU. YOU'VE BEEN JUST AS NICE AS CAN BE AND I ONLY HOPE WHEN I'M NICE AND BROWN, YOU'LL SAY YOU WERE GLAD YOU MET ME!"

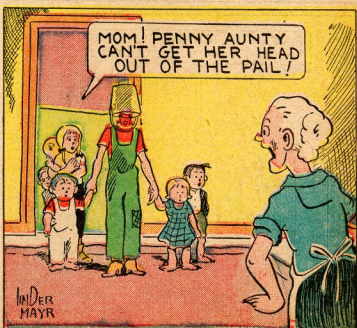
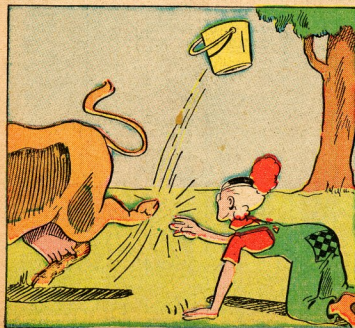
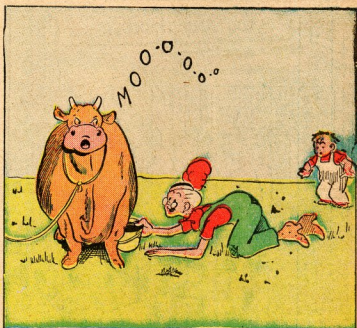
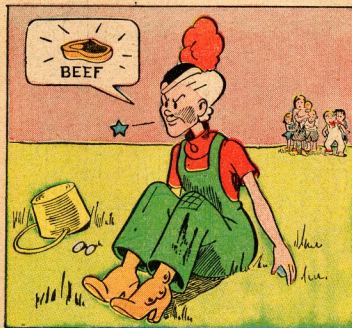
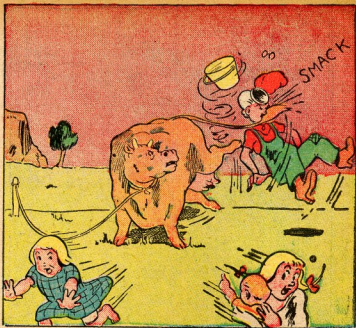
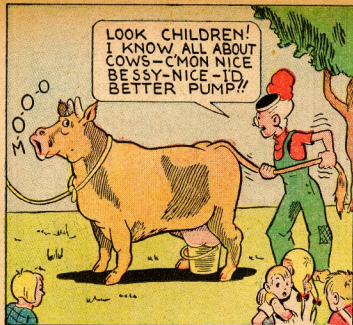


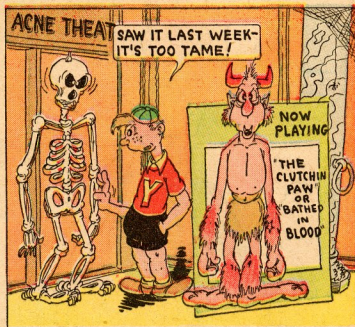
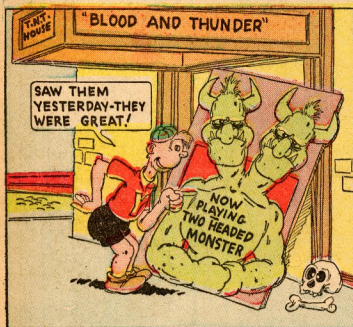
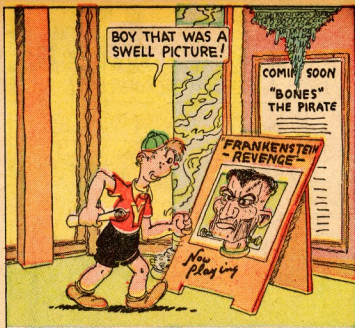
THE COURT OF INHUMAN RELATIONS



PENNY AUNTY

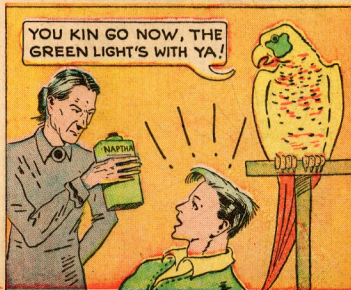
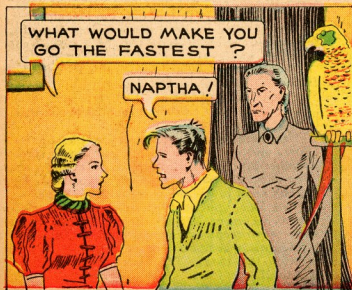
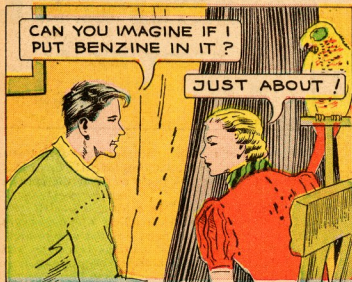
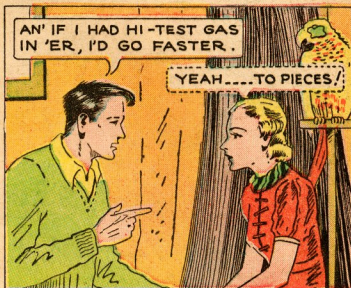






Ima Sphinx

HER ACTION SPEAKS LOUDER THAN WORDS!





HUMAN DO

STORY BY
KEN FITCH



The hum of the beam message gave Dan Hastings the answer he had been looking for. He turned to Dr. Sherman Carter with a drole smile at the corners of his lips.

"We go, Dr. Carter," he said.

But Carter had been reading the message over Dan's shoulder and the news was not new to him.

"Well, we'll learn many things before we return, Dan," he replied, his interest definitely quickened with the response of the allied Earth headquarters, relayed to Dan on his planet base via Mercury. "But it won't all be easy to find out, I'm afraid."

Dan watched the frail nervous fingers of the doctor run over the Eckleburg log and a look of concern stole into his eyes.

"You're sure you want to risk this trip, Dr. Carter? It's apt to mean a good deal of hardship to you."

Carter laughed. "Go! Just try and keep me away. Ever since Eckleburg published his book I've been impatient to do it."

Dan stared somewhat wonderingly at the maze of figures and graphs the doctor had drawn across the hypothetical chart he had erected of the outer spheres. "You and Eckleburg are a little beyond me, I guess. I didn't seem to get anywhere with his book."

"No, Dan, you wouldn't be apt to. It was not a human document, but a technical treatise, concerned with spectroscopic elements, chemical changes and mathematical computations of distances . . . not to mention the U-ray. The most amazing man since Einstein!"



HUMAN DOCUMENT

STORY BY
KEN FITCH



ILLUSTRATED BY
FRED GUARDINEER

The hum of the beam message gave Dan Hastings the answer he had been looking for. He turned to Dr. Sherman Carter with a drole smile at the corners of his lips.

"We go, Dr. Carter," he said.

But Carter had been reading the message over Dan's shoulder and the news was not new to him.

"Well, we'll learn many things before we return, Dan," he replied, his interest definitely quickened with the response of the allied Earth headquarters, relayed to Dan on his planet base via Mercury. "But it won't all be easy to find out, I'm afraid."

Dan watched the frail nervous fingers of the doctor run over the Eckleburg log and a look of concern stole into his eyes.

"You're sure you want to risk this trip, Dr. Carter? It's apt to mean a good deal of hardship to you."

Carter laughed. "Go? Just try and keep me away. Ever since Eckleburg published his book I've been impatient to do it."

Dan stared somewhat wonderingly at the maze of figures and graphs the doctor had drawn across the hypothetical chart he had erected of the outer spheres. "You and Eckleburg are a little beyond me, I guess. I didn't seem to get anywhere with his book."

"No, Dan, you wouldn't be apt to. It was not a human document, but a technical treatise, concerned with astrophysical elements, chemical changes and mathematical computations of distances . . . not to mention the U-ray. The most amazing man since Einstein!"

"You may be interested to know," said Dan slowly, pondering the meaning of his own words, "that the only one of the Earth council to oppose our trip was Eckleburg himself."

"Oh boah," answered Carter. He waved the matter aside lightly. "Eckleburg is peculiar, like most genius."

"Still I could never quite fathom his reason for refusing to lecture on the nature of the planet or of his refusal to say if the planet contained living matter. It seems almost as if he was trying to keep it a secret."

"Oh, well . . ." Carter remained steadfast in his belief in the reticent scientist. "That is for us to find out and we can't spend too much time over what might have been."

"You're right," agreed Dan. He walked toward the door leading out of the station tower. "We will get no results where we are. While you go over the charts, I'll tune up the space ship."

It had seemed coons—actually it had been days—since they had seen one solitary, unknown, remote planet. Only vast cold nothing and Dan began to wonder if the universe did not end past Pluto, their last stopping place before taking off for the outer spheres. Even inside the hermetically sealed ship, whose walls were protected by a vacuum and heavily insulated against changes of climatic conditions, he could feel the dreadful coldness of a darkness without the alternating warmth of sunlight.

"You warm enough, Doctor?" Dan drew a heavy



DOCUMENT

ILLUSTRATED BY
FRED GUARDINEER

"You may be interested to know," said Dan slowly, pondering the meaning of his own words, "that the only one of the Earth council to oppose our trip was Eckleburg himself."

"Oh bosh," answered Carter. He waved the matter aside lightly. "Eckleburg is peculiar, like most genius."

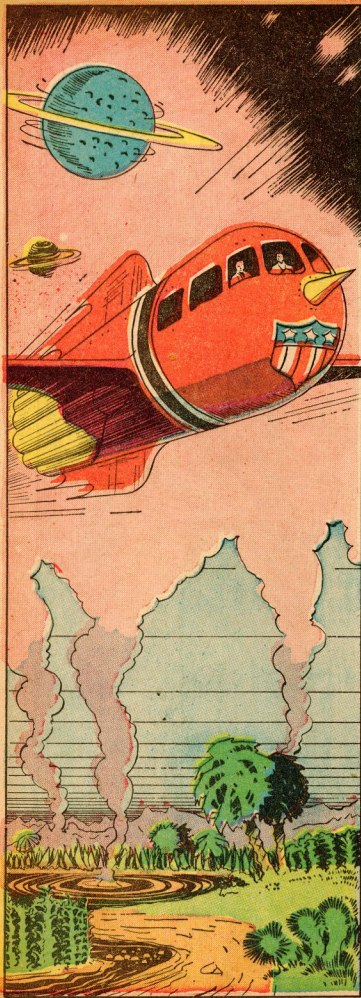
"Still I could never quite fathom his reason for refusing to lecture on the nature of the planet or of his refusal to say if the planet contained living matter. It seems almost as if he was trying to keep it a secret."

"Oh, well . . ." Carter remained steadfast in his belief in the reticent scientist. "That is for us to find out and we can't spend too much time over what might have been."

"You're right," agreed Dan. He walked toward the door leading out of the station tower. "We will get no results where we are. While you go over the charts, I'll tune up the space ship."

It had seemed eons—actually it had been days—since they had seen one solitary, unknown, remote planet. Only vast cold nothing and Dan began to wonder if the universe did not end past Pluto, their last stopping place before taking off for the outer spheres. Even inside the hermetically sealed ship, whose walls were protected by a vacuum and heavily insulated against changes of climatic conditions, he could feel the dreadful coldness of a darkness without the alternating warmth of sunlight.

"You warm enough, Doctor?" Dan drew a heavy



ulster over his already heavy overcoat.

Carter looked up absently from the chart of the heavens over which he was poring.

"Cold? Cold, Dan? Why . . . I hadn't noticed. I've been so absorbed trying to make my calculations agree with Eckleburg's. Now that you mention it, I am cold very cold." He put on the coat Dan handed to him and then swung back to the thought that had been uppermost in his mind . . . "Eckleburg's wrong he must be wrong . . ." Carter mused.

"You mean the great Eckleburg has made an error?"

"Fundamentally no," said Carter. "From ordinary observations it would not be detected, nor would it be found by ordinary navigation until too late."

"Which means?" Dan asked.

"Merely that we are at the edge of the solar system right now. New forces will soon direct our motion, doubtless shown by an upward swing of our altimeter and the swing of our compass from its regular course. Without noting its change we would sail indefinitely through space and sail blindly until all fuel was used up."

"Hum," was all Dan had to say. Then he turned his attention closely to his instruments and a grim smile spread over his face. "You're tight as usual, Dr. Carter, the altimeter shows a sharp upward sweep and the compass has gone crazy." Carter hurried to Dan's side.

"Using his calculations we should have gone about one degree off our course which is a long way in the language of the one trying to navigate space."

"And a fine kettle of fish," said Dan, "in the language of a plain human being."

As time moved forward, they became increasingly aware of the power of the force that was drawing the ship on. First they traveled at slightly greater speed, but as each Earth hour passed, the speed increased until Dan found it necessary to reduce the rocket feed. Then on the eighth day after entering this new system of motion, they saw through the visor plate a small world that seemed to flare brightly through the blackness of the sky. Then a few days later a sort of purple dawn seemed to grow all about them. The farther into this new universe they went the greater and more powerful became this ray, doubtless the U ray that Eckleburg had mentioned. It had even by the transmission of its light through the visor plate, an odd exhilarating effect on Dan and Dr. Carter.

"It's to this universe what our sun is to ours," observed Carter.

After the first error in its calculations, Carter found that the Eckleburg log directed them in a true course. Gradually they drew nearer the planet until at last they recognized the heavy purple haze that seemed to hide the surface from view. Gradually approaching, cautious not to incite any possible attack by air, they came into a steadily heavier atmosphere and the ship began to be more easily controlled. Following closely the directions of the log they began to see evidences of the landscape, albeit through a heavy fog.

Dan set the controls after the directions of Eckleburg's chart and trusted that they would land somewhere near the base of the Eckleburg Expedition. They were quite close now and truly it was a dreary world they approached. As they came down there could be seen little that bespoke of a landing ground. Over the entire world there was a thick haze, colored purple from the U-Ray "sun" that cast a sickly palor over everything. Steam seemed to rise from the center of the planet's core as if the entire inner of the sphere was a mass of boiling water. The steam rose

"Heavy clouds and made visibility very poor.

"This is tough navigating," said Dan.

"Some protection, nevertheless," answered Carter. "It keeps us from view, too, and after all we don't know exactly what we're going to find here."

Landing was a slushing down on a muddy level stretch, covered with a greenish slime. Most of the surface of this world was under a watery fluid that steamed continuously.

"Nice reception," Dan said. "Wonder how the atmosphere is. Think it's safe to open up?"

"Eckleburg lived in it," replied Carter.

Dan opened the cabin door and poked his head outside the ship. At once the awful dampness of the place cut him to the bone and the heavy atmosphere seemed to compress his lungs, making it hard for him to breathe.

"Not very pleasant, Doctor," Dan called back over his shoulder, "but we'll pull through it. I'm going outside and have a look around."

"I'm coming along," said Carter quickly. "This place is unusual. Really amazing."

He followed Dan to the ground which was rubbery and gave slightly under their feet. They had to be extremely careful not to lose footing, for the slimy covering of the surface was slippery, as if the whole planet had just recently been immersed in the waters.

"What do you make of it?" asked Dan. "Looks to me as if life wouldn't be apt to be found here."

"That's where you're wrong," said Carter. "This place is practically what our own good Earth was a few million years ago. It's just forming. Doubtless we'll find animals living here but they most likely will be in the form of huge mammals, such as our dinosaurs were. An amazing thing, Dan. A close-up of history. Where our universe has advanced, this one is just being formed."

Carter's explanation was interrupted by a sharp hoarse barking that echoed over the landscape and rang hollowly about the leafless, rubbery trees that dotted the expanse."

They stood still, their blood chilled. Out at the edges of the lake the slimy waters rippled and from the depths of the waters a huge gray back rose to the surface. Then came the long scaly neck of a monster that might have been one of the prehistoric skeletons of the museums come to life. Carter stood as if transfixed. The monster wallowed about for a moment and then sank back into the slime.

"Can you beat that!" Dan exclaimed.

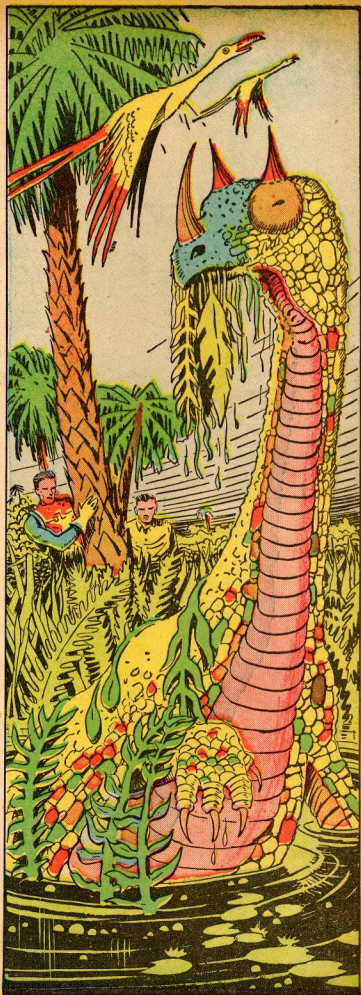
"No, Dan, I can't," Carter said. "Imagine finding a living example of our own unwritten history!"

"Perhaps we'd better take some food and make some sort of excursion about. I'd like to know more about this place and while we have this light we ought to use it. It's going to be mighty lonely when this so called sun leaves us."

"It may be constant," advised Carter. "We don't know the directional motion of this system. But it won't hurt to poke around a little. If we're lucky we may even find Eckleburg's camp, for I followed the chart he made and we should be directly in the camp's vicinity."

As they slushed along in the eerie half darkness, the trees took on the shapes of huge reptiles stretching upward into the sky. There was ever the odor of putrid dampness about them and they felt as if they were wet to the skin, neither of them speaking except at long intervals. Thus they plodded on through marshy vales and over muddy hillsides.

"Look for a cave, Dan, for the chart shows that they camped near here, and I can't imagine anyone's existing without protection from this awful damp-





ness."

Suddenly Dan took the doctor by the arm.

"Look!" he whispered. "Up ahead."

Following Dan's direction Carter saw the mouth of a cavern in the side of what looked from their vantage point like a rocky hillside.

"Let's investigate," said Carter. "It may be the place where they stayed." The two men hurried on until they were within fifty feet of the opening. It yawned at them, showing none but the black bowels of the ragged hill.

"Listen!"

They waited, straining their ears. Surely there was a sound coming from within that gruesome hole! A sort of strange wailing of voices that sounded human and not human. Sounds—they might even have been words—came from the cave!

"What do you make of it?"

Carter shook his head. "It's past me, Dan. It seems not likely that we should find humans here in a world that scarcely has developed more than the lower mammals. Yet, those sounds appear to be coming as if they were directed by intelligence. There seems to be rhythm and meaning to them."

"Let's find out." Dan stepped toward the opening. Carter followed close behind him.

Inside the cavern it was black; not even the violet light of the outer world penetrated the deep recesses. Yet somehow the darkness seemed more welcome than the light, more natural. They crept forward slowly, the low moaning sounds growing clearer as they advanced through the tunnel. Under them the ground was soft, springy. Touching the walls, Dan found that they were soft, too, as if the cave had been dug into clay rather than rock.

"There's a light flickering up ahead!" Dan whis-

pered to Carter.

And as they drew nearer it seemed to be a torch, waving, flickering. Now the thumping echoed loudly through the cavern, seeming to rumble against the walls and back again for miles. He stopped, reached back and touched Carter's shoulder with his hand.

"Look up ahead!" He drew his ray gun from his holster. Carter did not answer and Dan could hear his heavy breathing close to him.

Vaguely forms of life outlined themselves against the dungeon's depths and he could see the weaving silhouettes backward and forward rhythmically to the measured thumping.

"They are humans, Dr. Carter!"

"I've been wondering," the doctor answered huskily, "and I've come to the conclusion that this U-ray must produce mental growth far in advance of physical. These beings seem to be acting much the same as the ancient druids of the Earth . . . That would place them millions of years ahead of the growth formation of the planet itself. I'm betting that they're holding some sort of sacred ritual."

They crept forward again, not without some anxiety and awe of their environment. The torches sputtered rather than burned and gave off a choking sort of smoke that smelled like sulphur fumes. The light itself was yellowish and past its smoky, uncertain casting of shadows Dan and Dr. Carter could distinguish huge creatures covered with a hairy, scaly mixture that might have been called a skin. These unsightly beings, part fish, part primate, part human were waxing into a frenzied ceremony. The thumping which came from a chorus of deep voices thundered through the cave, their bodies writhing. Now at the very edge of their group, they could see the long lower teeth protruding above their lips, flat heads that

were decked with the bones of animals and the covering of hair and scale even over their faces.

Suddenly Dan drew back in amazement and grasped Carter's arm tensely.

"Good heavens, Doctor Carter! Can you see past the smoke to the center of their circle?"

"Dan! It's . . . it's a woman . . . a WHITE WOMAN!"

"Yes, it's . . . it's Fraulein VonKeller, the newspaper woman who accompanied Eckleburg's expedition! Eckleburg reported her as having been killed in a fall into the lake. Do you suppose . . ."

"Of course not," answered Carter brusquely. She evidently has been captured by these druid people . . . disappeared. But why . . . why does she stare off into space like one in a trance . . .?"

They waited breathlessly as the dancing became more and more exotic, more thunderous, frenzying to a terrible climax. There was a continuous parading in rhythmic step circling the girl. As each member in the circling came before her he would dance close, mumble something unintelligible. The girl would respond, touch the being on the top of the head and the member would go back to his dancing and make way for another.

Suddenly the thumping of the voices stopped and one who looked like a chieftain confronted the girl. Her face was of a deathly pallor, but she evidenced no fear, merely stared out into space. Raising the girl's arm above her head, the chieftain drew a long needle like weapon from his head dress. He pressed the point to the girl's arm. Oddly she did not flinch, but Dan stood chilled in horror as he saw a small red drop of blood appear where the wound had been inflicted.

"Doctor Carter!" he whispered. "We're going to get her out of here!"

"What do you plan to do, Dan?"

Dan already had crept a few feet nearer the circle

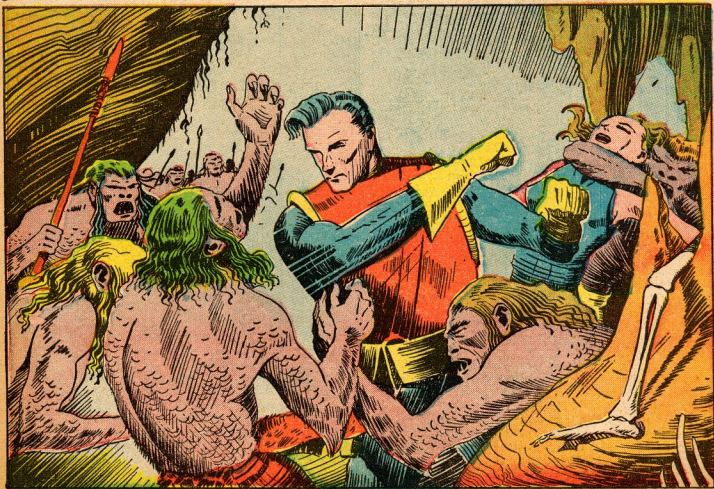
"Hold your ray gun, Doctor and don't be afraid to use it! I'm going to rush them!"

Without waiting to hear the doctor's response he rushed forward, spilling one of the monster men with the fury of his attack. There was an immediate howl of rage from the other members of the group, but momentarily they were surprised and Dan had reached the center of the circle before they had collected their ponderous wits. With a series of roars they closed in on Dan and he struck out wildly with lefts and rights, sent three of them spilling on top of each other. But before he could reach Fraulein Von Keller a half dozen of them bore down upon him and threw him to the ground.

There was the sharp pain through Dan's body as the vicious teeth sank deeply into his flesh. There was the awful stretching pains as these animal men pulled at his limbs, growling and fighting among themselves.

Carter in the shadows of the tunnel dared not use his weapon for fear of striking Dan and he looked on at the ravages in horror, sensing only his physical incapacity to cope with the task at hand.

All at once Dan, writhing, kicking, keeping ever in motion, got his hands on the handle of his ray gun. He swung his body over and blazed from the hip. There were shrieks of pain from the attacking band and as the rays made their marks, an odor of burning flesh filled the air. Dan rose, still firing, scarcely able to carry the weight of his own body. He sensed that he was bleeding profusely, but he dared not even consider his wounds. Blazing his way through the now cowering horde he reached the girl. Using every effort he lifted her to his shoulders, blazed a trail through the screaming mob to the tunnel. Carter



covered the retreat, keeping back the cursing demons by intermittent firing.

At last they reached the ship. The crowd had followed and were thumping a war cry in unison. Dan opened the cabin door, lifted the unconscious girl inside. Carter was not far behind and he entered shortly after. Dan closed the door as the crowd surged upon the ship, pounding the sides with their fists.

"It's not necessary to fire on them now," said Dan. "We're safe and they are only following their natures."

He started the motors and the ship slushed over the slimy landscape, left the steaming lakes and entered the purple. Carter was busy again at the Eckleburg log.

Finally he approached Dan, his face showing real concern.

"How is your supply of rocket charges, Dan?" he asked. Dan scowled as he inspected the rocket gauge.

"Nothing to waste. We should have just about enough. Why?"

"Only this," said Carter, "that Eckleburg gives no definite data that can be followed for getting out of this gravitational system! If we take the wrong route through space, we're lost!"

"Nice job, this Eckleburg did! I'm beginning to wonder . . ."

"I wouldn't say so, Dan. I . . . I MAY have failed to bring some of the data . . ."

"Oh, no. Not you, Doctor Carter . . . I know you better . . . but what are we going to do? We can't get back by guesswork! Even this, though, is better than leaving the girl in their hands . . ."

The mention of the girl brought their attention to the fact that she was moving a little as if trying to shake off a stupor. The warmth of the ship's interior and the rocket vibrations seemed to be bringing her out of her spell . . .

Dan set his controls and sprang up toward Carter.

"I have an idea, Doctor Carter! Fraulein is coming out of her hypnotic spell. She must not do so! Could you induce her to sleep again? Quick . . ."

"Perhaps, Dan. I'll try." Carter went to her, passed his hand across her eyes. "It is Doctor Eckleburg, Fraulein," he said. There seemed to be almost an unwillingness to say the words in Carter's voice, as if he was afraid to implicate his fellow scientist, Eckleburg, in . . . in what? He dared not try to think.

Fraulein Von Keller groaned a little, answered, with ever the slightest trace of feeling in her voice. "Go away please . . ." The spell was breaking! Yet Carter had had a clue in the response. He said again. **FRAULEIN! THIS IS DOCTOR ECKLEBURG!**

She seemed to try desperately to fight off the force of the name, Eckleburg. Finally, though, she stammered a little and both Dan and the doctor watched her anxiously . . . if she came out of the spell! Carter had tried the last means to keep her under . . . she wavered, drew her hands to her throat, opened her eyes for a moment. They were almost glassy, yet they seemed to hold a semblance of intelligence . . . "ECKLEBURG!" Carter shouted and the girl faced him calmly.

"I am awaiting your orders, Sir," she said. "Ask her if she can remember the routing for getting out of this universe," Dan whispered. "She may have overheard. . ."

"Fraulein," Carter said calmly, "I have lost my calculations for the return to the solar gravitational system . . . Can you remember them? You CAN remember them. You will tell them to me."

There was a pause of a few moments in which the



time passed as if an eternity, while Dan and Carter waited. Finally she cleared her throat.

"You must go five points of the space compass nearer the U-Ray, absorb the ray into your dynamos, generate them into the rockets and it will give you the power to pass the barriers and lesser atmosphere to the solar gravitational system."

They placed the girl back on the bunk in the cabin of the ship. When Carter faced Dan his eyes were moist.



"You were partly right," he said, "about Eckleburg."

Pluto at last had become a reality. It shone through the heavens and into the visor plate. Controls were set automatically. Fraulein Von Keller sat across from Dan and Doctor Carter.

"I am unable to understand many things," the girl

said. "Who are you gentlemen and what am I doing here?"

"I am Lieutenant Dan Hastings and this is Doctor Sherman Carter. We were making a trip to the new world detailed in the report of Doctor Johann Eckleburg."

"But how could you follow from such hasty notes?" the girl asked.

"We had his book to refer to and his carefully erected charts."

"His book!" the girl whittened. "His book, you say!"

"Of course," replied Carter. "He has become famous for his technical treatise on the beyond spaces."

"But . . ." Fraulein Von Keller trembled . . . "Oh, I was a fool . . . and you . . . he did not send you there?" Dan shook his head.

"Eckleburg reported you as dead."

Pin points of black anger centered in her eyes. "Dead," she said. "Dead . . . it seems only yesterday . . . I cannot remember . . . but he has had time to . . . become famous."

"Oh, purely a technical book," Dan explained. "No human document for the lay reader. Deals with facts of spectral elements, chemistry, mathematics and the like . . ."

Unable to control her feelings longer, Fraulein Von Keller blazed furiously at Dan and the doctor.

"Do you know what got him out of there alive? I stayed there as a hostage! I was of the party as perhaps you know. We were attacked after landing and very nearly murdered; then we managed to escape to the ship. Eckleburg's very apt as a hypnotist and he managed to get the chief under his spell. Finally he conveyed to the chief that they should keep me as a sacrifice using a drop of my blood at a time as an offering to their awful gods.

He convinced me that under a hypnotic spell I would not suffer . . . I was to stay there as the price of his freedom, for he felt that the knowledge could not be lost to the world . . . He told me that he would leave food for me and instruct . . . THEM in feeding me. I was to have rescue at once as soon as he returned to the Earth. He was to lead the rescue party to the place. I doubt if I could have lived much longer, for the portions that Eckleburg left—a concentrated form of food—should have kept the entire party about three months of Earth time." Fraulein Von Keller shuddered. "If you and Doctor Carter had not had this . . . adventurous nature, I would . . ." She could not finish the sentence.

"That was the worst bit of cowardice I have ever run upon," said Dan. "No wonder he had so little to say concerning the life of the planet. But odd that none of the other members of the party had not spoken sooner."

"They believed me dead," said the girl. "That was part of the scheme, so that there would be no objections about leaving me there. Then Eckleburg, by agreement, was the official medium of information."

"I am most happy to have been of service," said Dan, "and I'm sure Doctor Carter is, too."

"I shall dedicate my book to you two men," said Fraulein Von Keller.

"Your book? Of your adventures, I presume," said Dan.

"Yes, Herr Hastings. It will be the great *human document* that Eckleburg did NOT write."

LOOK IN THE VISOR PLATE, DR. CARTER.

I AM, DAN. THEY'RE SURE MESSING THINGS UP.

LOOK IN THE VISOR PLATE, DR. CARTER.

I AM, DAN. THEY'RE SURE MESSING THINGS UP.

THEY'VE DISCOVERED THE PLIGHT OF THEIR LEADER. IT WILL HELP TO KEEP THEIR ATTENTION FROM US.

I HOPE SO.

THEY'VE DISCOVERED THE PLIGHT OF THEIR LEADER. IT WILL HELP TO KEEP THEIR ATTENTION FROM US.

I HOPE SO.

IT SEEMS AS IF WE WILL BE SAFE FOR THE PRESENT.

YES. OUR FIRST MOVE WILL BE TO GET AWAY FROM CIVILIZATION.

IT SEEMS AS IF WE WILL BE SAFE FOR THE PRESENT.

YES. OUR FIRST MOVE WILL BE TO GET AWAY FROM CIVILIZATION.

THERE'S A CLEARING WITH A CABIN. SUPPOSE WE LAND.

THE SECTION IS MOUNTAINOUS. I FIND FROM THE VISOR CHART THAT IT'S THE NORTHWESTERN PART OF CANADA.

A MARSH RIVER SCAP

THERE'S A CLEARING WITH A CABIN. SUPPOSE WE LAND.

THE SECTION IS MOUNTAINOUS. I FIND FROM THE VISOR CHART THAT IT'S THE NORTHWESTERN PART OF CANADA.

A MARSH RIVER SCAP

I'M GETTING SCARED DAN. IT'S SO LONELY.

THE LONLIER, THE BETTER, RIGHT NOW, GLORIA.

I'M GETTING SCARED DAN. IT'S SO LONELY.

THE LONLIER, THE BETTER, RIGHT NOW, GLORIA.



IT'S DESERTED. LOOKS AS IF IT HADN'T BEEN USED IN A LONG WHILE.

BOB AND I WILL START PUTTING IT IN SHAPE. GOSH, IT'S TERRIBLY DIRTY.



I HOPE THIS STUFF TASTES ALL RIGHT. I DIDN'T HAVE MUCH TO WORK WITH!

IT'S FIT FOR A KING GLORIA. MIGHTY LUCKY THAT DAN HAD SUPPLIES WITH HIM. TOMORROW BOB AND I WILL HAVE TO HUNT SOME GAME.



THAT WAS A SWELL MEAL, SIS, AND I'M DOGGONE TIRED RIGHT NOW!

WELL, YOU TWO KIDS GET OFF TO BED, DAN AND I HAVE SOME THINGS TO DISCUSS.



FAR INTO THE NIGHT DAN AND DR. CARTER TALKED AND PLANNED.

BUT IT DOESN'T SEEM RIGHT, DAN, TO SEND YOU OUT ALONE TO...WHAT? WHO CAN TELL?

IT'S THE ONLY WAY, DR. CARTER. YOUR JOB IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN ANYTHING ELSE. YOUR KNOWLEDGE OF SCIENCE MUST BE PROTECTED.



I'LL TURN THIS GUN THAT I TOOK FROM THEIR LEADER OVER TO YOU. IT WILL BE IMPORTANT TO LEARN THE TYPE OF RAYS THEY ARE USING.

A FORMIDABLE WEAPON, DAN.



LET'S GET A LITTLE SLEEP. TOMORROW I'LL HEAD FOR THE CANADIAN WAR OFFICE.

VERY WELL, DAN.

EARLY THE NEXT DAY.

I'LL GO FIRST TO THE CANADIAN MINISTRY AT OTTAWA. YOU FOLKS KEEP UNDER COVER. IT MAY BE SOME TIME BEFORE I SEE YOU AGAIN.

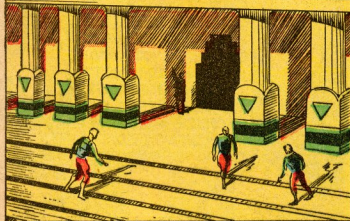
HEAVEN PROTECT YOU DAN.

AND OH, DO BE CAREFUL!



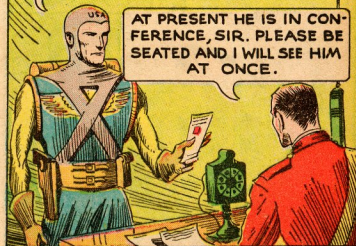
..AND GOES AT ONCE TO THE MINISTER OF WAR, LORD HUGH WITHERING.

HOUSE OF PARLIAMENT



LIEUTENANT HASTINGS, U.S.A. IT IS IMPORTANT THAT I SEE LORD WITHERING AT ONCE. HERE ARE MY CREDENTIALS.

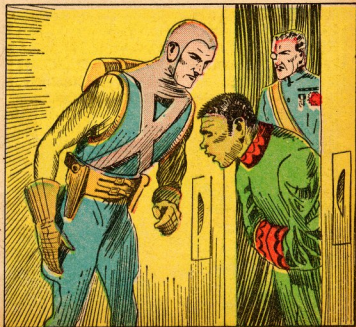
AT PRESENT HE IS IN CONFERENCE, SIR. PLEASE BE SEATED AND I WILL SEE HIM AT ONCE.



A LIEUTENANT HASTINGS, USA., SIR. CLAIMS IT IS IMPERATIVE TO SEE YOU AT ONCE.

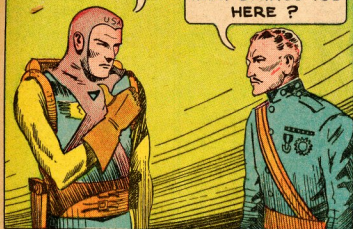
HMM...YES, I KNOW HIM...ER.... HANZ RASKOW, COULD YOU ?

THE INTERRUPTION WILL NOT MATTER ...A FEW MINUTES AN HOUR...WHAT-EVER TIME IS NEEDED.



HANZ RASKOW, ENVOY
OF THE ENEMY WAR
DICTATOR, BEFORE THE
FIGHTING CEASED.

REST AT EASE, HASTINGS.
HE CAN'T HEAR U.S.
CALLED ON ROUTINE
OFFICIAL BUSINESS.
WHAT BRINGS YOU
HERE ?



DAN DESCRIBES IN DETAIL THE PLIGHT OF
THE EARTH ARMIES. LORD WITHERING
PLEDGES AID.

...AND SO IT IS NECESSARY TO ASSEMBLE
ALL FORCES AT ONCE. WE MUST DESTROY
THIS DEMON !

I SHALL RADIO THE HAGUE
IMMEDIATELY FOR RE-EN-
FORCEMENTS... I SHALL
SEND OUR ARMED FORCES
AT ONCE !



WHILE IN THE OUTER OFFICE, UNKNOWN
TO DAN AND LORD WITHERING, HANZ
RASKOW LEARNS OF THE ATTACK OF EUTOPAS

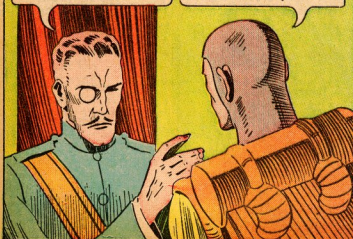


AH, IT WAS TIME
WELL SPENT !



YOU MAY BE SURE
OF IMMEDIATE
AID AND ADDITIONAL
TROOPS.

THANK YOU, SIR .
I SHALL REPORT AT
ONCE TO YOUR
FIELD HEADQUARTERS.



I AM SORRY, SIR, TO HAVE INTER-
RUPTED YOUR CONFERENCE.

IT IS OF NO CONSEQUENCE.
IF I HAVE HELPED YOU I
HAVE HELPED MY EMPIRE,
FOR WAR HAS CEASED
AND WE ARE AS ONE
AGAIN, ARE WE NOT ?

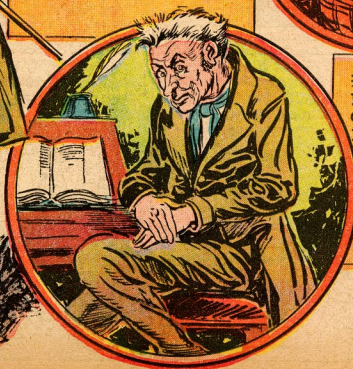
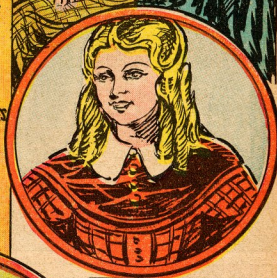


Sketches from Dickens

DAVID
COPPERFIELD



TO ESCAPE THE TYRANNY OF MR. MURDSTONE, HIS STEPPATHER, LITTLE DAVID RUNS AWAY TO HIS ECCENTRIC AUNT, BETSEY TROTWOOD. SHE APPRENTICES HIM TO MR. WICKFIELD, WHERE HE GROWS UP WITH AGNES, MISTER, WICKFIELD'S DAUGHTER.



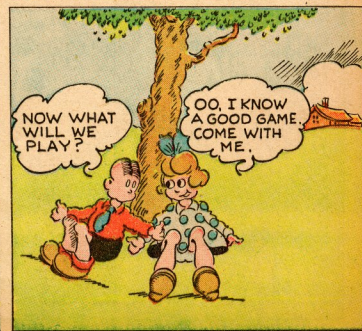
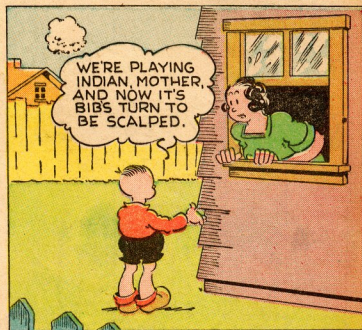
HERE HE AGAIN ENCOUNTERS HIS OLD FRIEND, THE EVER OPTIMISTIC MR. MICAWBER, AND MEETS URIAH HEEP, WHO HIDES HIS TREACHERY UNDER A FALSE HUMILITY.

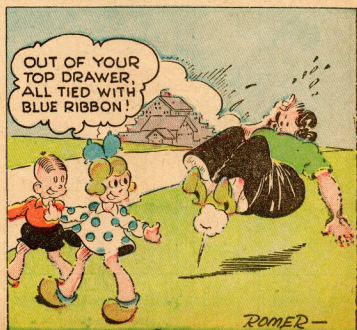
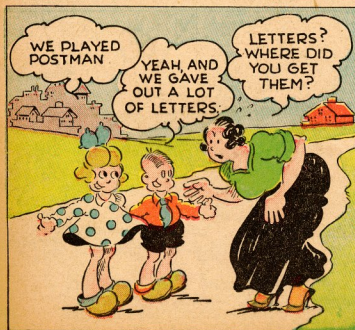
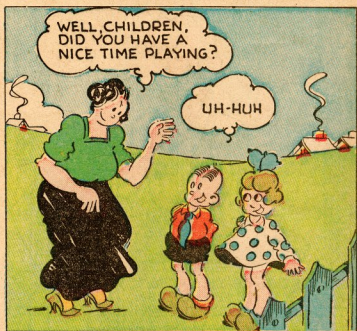
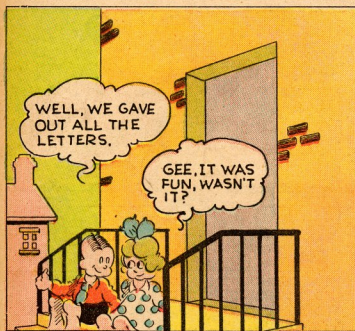
HAVING GROWN TO MANHOOD,
DAVID MARRIES DORA SPENLOW,
WHO NEARLY RUINS HIM WITH
HER EXTRAVAGANCE. HER EARLY
DEATH SENDS DAVID ABROAD.



HEARTBROKEN, DAVID SPENDS YEARS
IN WANDERING. THEN HE RETURNS
TO ENGLAND, AFTER WHICH HE
MARRIES AGNES, WHO HAS LOVED
HIM SINCE CHILDHOOD.

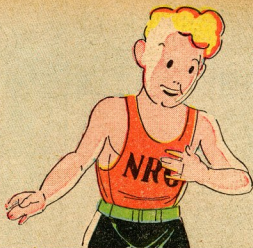
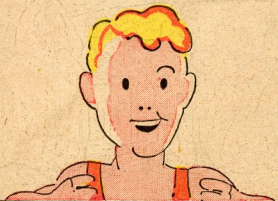
Bib and Tucker





AD-VENTURES

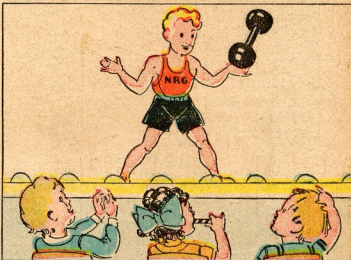
AT THE CIRCUS



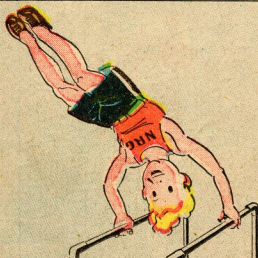
NOW CAME THE ACT THEY ALL ENJOYED—
SOME VOTED IT THE BEST!
IT WAS A CURLY-HEADED CHAP,
WITH LETTERS ON HIS CHEST!



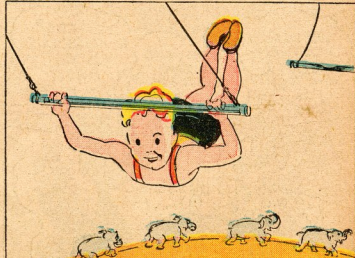
HE LIFTED UP THE HEAVY WEIGHT,
AWAY ABOVE HIS KNEES!
THE CROWD CHEERED LONG AT SUCH A FEAT,
HE DID IT WITH SUCH EASE!



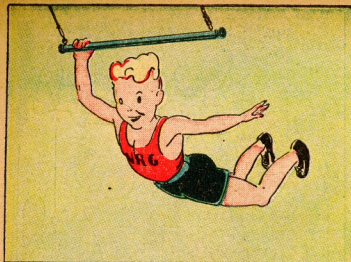
HE TOOK HOLD OF A DUMBBELL NEXT
AND TOSSED IT IN THE AIR,
THEN CAUGHT IT IN HIS UPTURNED HAND,
A MOVEMENT DEBONAIR.



AND THEN UPON THE PARALLELS!
THE CROWD YELLED WITH DELIGHT,
AS HE KEPT SWINGING TO THE LEFT
AND THEN OFF TO THE RIGHT!



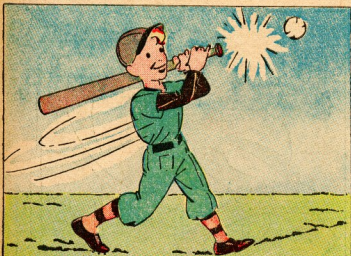
AWAY UPON THE HIGH TRAPEZE,
A PICTURE SWELL TO SEE,
THIS CURLY-HEADED LITTLE CHAP,
SO FULL OF ENERGY!



ALL THIS IN SWINGY RHYTHMIC TIME,
AS BACK AND FORTH HE SWUNG—!
SO GRACEFULLY AND DARINGLY,
WITH BUT ONE HAND HE HUNG—!



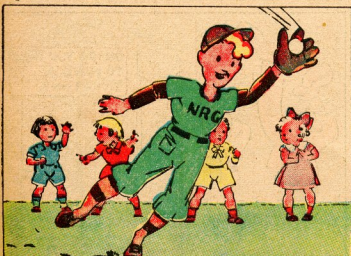
THEN CAME THE STUNT THAT EVERYONE
PROCLAIMED AS JUST A BEAUT.
THIS LITTLE CHAP HAD QUICKLY CHANGED
INTO HIS BASEBALL SUIT!



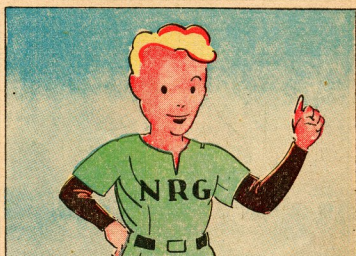
WITH BAT IN HAND, HE STRUCK THE BALL
AND SENT IT FLYING—HIGH!
THEN QUICKLY GRABBED HIS BASEBALL MITT
AND WENT TO CATCH THE FLY!



HE RAN CLEAR, TO THE OTHER END,
SO FAST YOU'D THINK HE'D FALL!
THE BEST PART OF THE STUNT, OF COURSE
WAS THAT HE CAUGHT THE BALL!



HE MADE A CATCH THE SECOND TIME,
THE CROWD PROCLAIMED A PEACH,—
THEN ENDED UP THIS LITTLE ACT
BY MAKING A CUTE SPEECH.



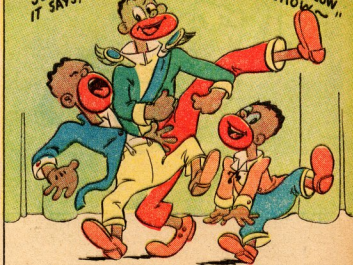
YOU ALL CAN FEEL AS FULL OF PEP,—
AS FULL OF PEP AS ME!—
ALL YOU MUST DO IS EAT THE THINGS
THAT GIVE YOU NRG.

MINSTRELS

CHEERIO

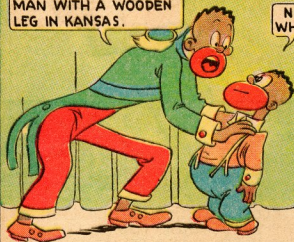


JUST HEAR THAT STEAMBOAT WHISTLE BLOW.
IT SAYS, "COME DOWN TO SEE THE SHOW!"

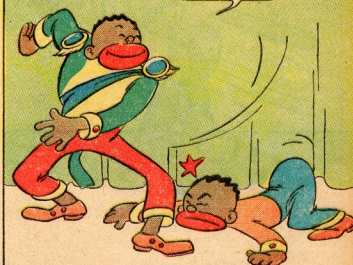


SAMBO, DOES YOU KNOW
YOU CAN'T SHOOT A
MAN WITH A WOODEN
LEG IN KANSAS.

NO?
WHY?

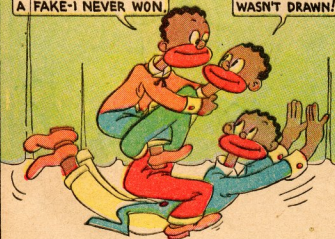


YOU HAVE TO
USE A GUN!

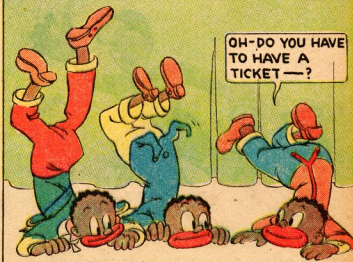


THE SWEEPSTAKES ARE
A FAKE—I NEVER WON.

YOUR TICKET
WASN'T DRAWN!



OH—DO YOU HAVE
TO HAVE A
TICKET—?



MY WIFE RAN AWAY AND I FELT BAD
NO SADNESS DID I LACK ~



BUT I REALLY FELT MUCH WORSE
WHEN SHE CAME MARCHING BACK



SAMBO-WHAT
DID YOU TELL
YOUR WIFE WHEN
SHE RUN AWAY?

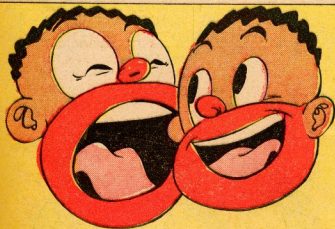


I TOLD HER NOT
TO RUN - I WASN'T
GOING TO CHASE
HER.

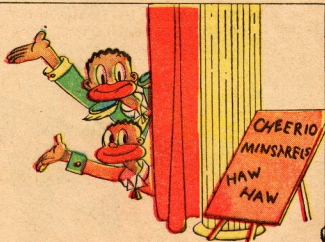
SAMBO-WHY IS
IRELAND THE
RICHEST
COUNTRY IN
THE WORLD?



CAUSE IT'S CAPITAL
IS ALWAYS DUBLIN.

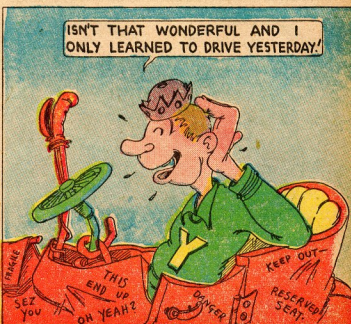
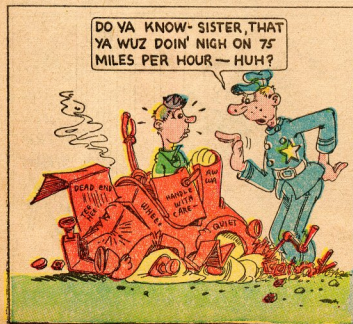
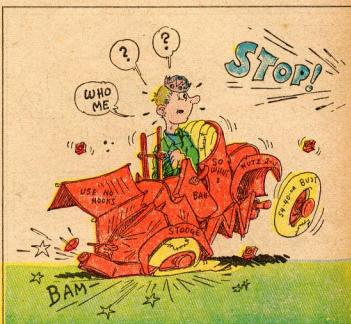
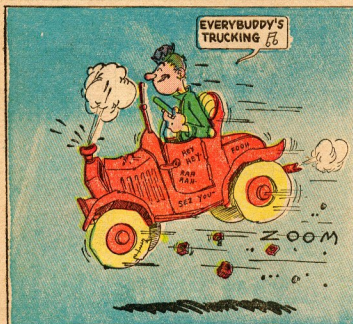
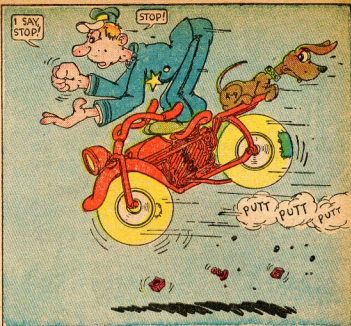
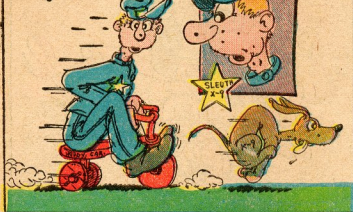


WHEN IT'S MOONLIGHT ON THE LEVEE
DARKIES HUMMING SOFT AND LOW,



THE MINSTREL SHOW IS OVER,
TO THE NEXT PAGE YOU CAN GO!

Officer Clancy



POKEY

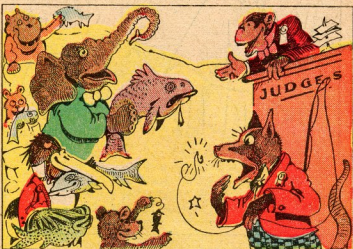
**FORGETS TO
REMEMBER**



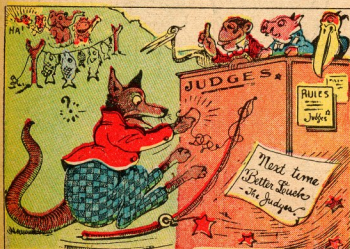
FISHING DAY IN JUNGLE TOWN
WAS QUITE A DAY OF SPORT
AND PRIZES WERE AWARDED
FOR ALL THE BIG ONES CAUGHT



IT WAS A SPORTING CONTEST
RELISHED BY THEM ALL.
EVERYONE HAULLED IN THEIR FISH,
SOME LARGE AND SOME QUITE SMALL.



NOT SO WITH OUR YOUNG POKEY
HE COULDN'T CATCH A THING
HE TRIED QUITE-HARD BUT NOT A FISH
NIBBLED AT HIS STRING.

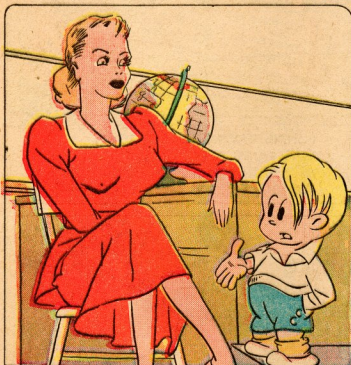


LATE THAT DAY THE JUNGLE FOLK
COUNTED UP THEIR CATCH.
THE JUDGES WERE DECIDING
WHO WON THE SPORTING MATCH.

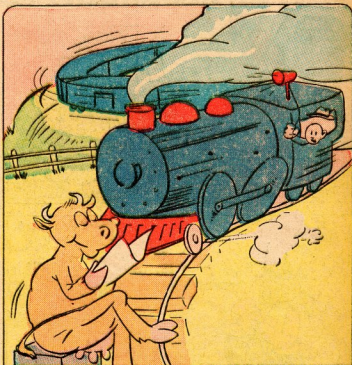


THE CROWD ALL LAUGHED AT POKEY
WHEN MONK SAID TO HIM, "LOOK!
YOU'VE BEEN FISHING ALL DAY LONG
WITH NO BAIT ON YOUR HOOK."

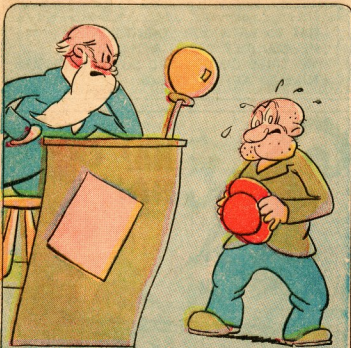
JINGLE JINGLE



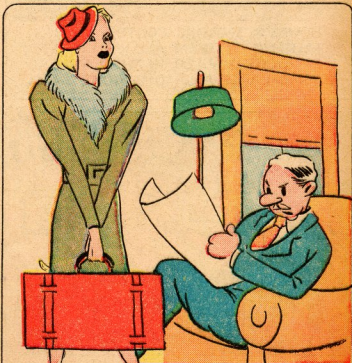
THE TEACHER SAID TO JOHNNY JONES,
"HOW MUCH IS FOUR AND FOUR?"
SAID JOHNNY, "IF YOU DON'T KNOW THAT,
YOU SHOULDN'T TEACH NO MORE."



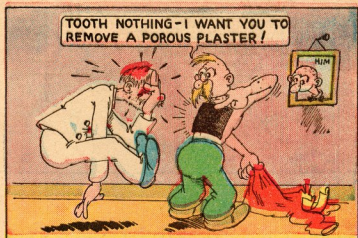
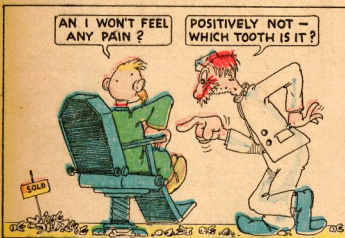
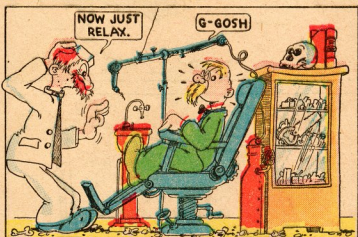
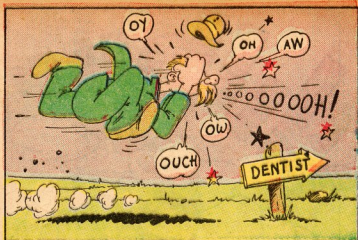
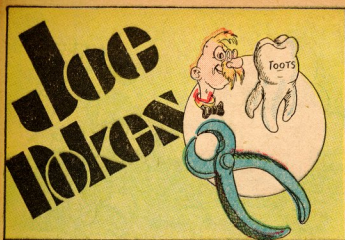
A COW STOOD ON THE RAILROAD TRACK.
A PLACE TO REST HE FOUND.
SO NOW HE'S IN A BUTCHER STORE
AT TWENTY CENTS A POUND.

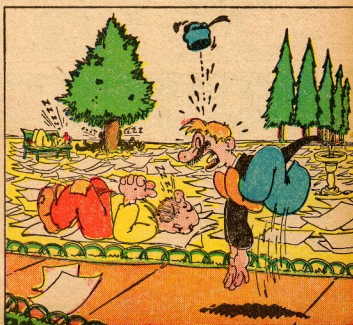
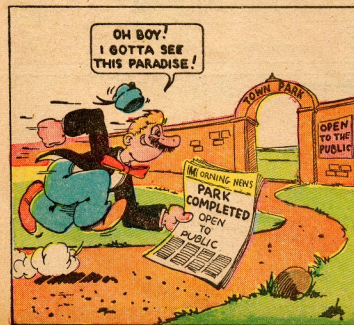
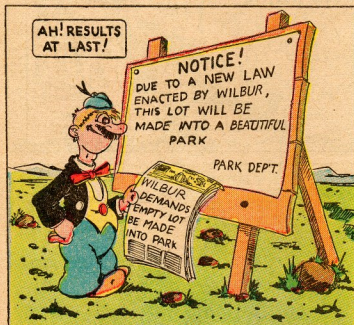
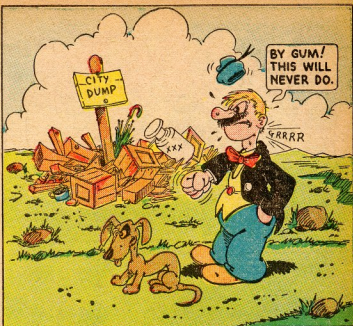
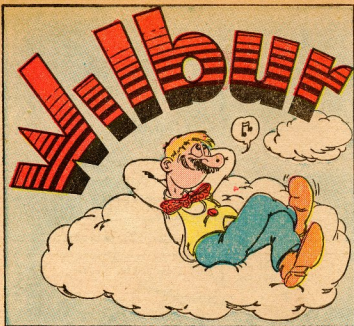


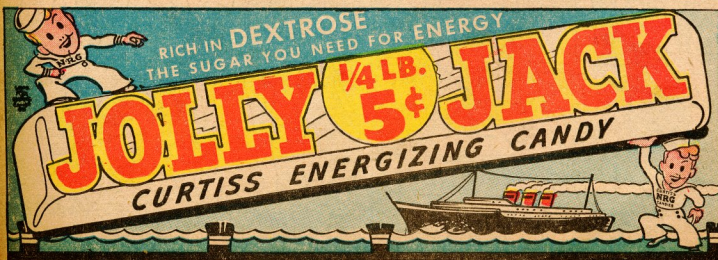
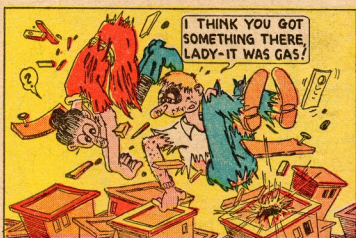
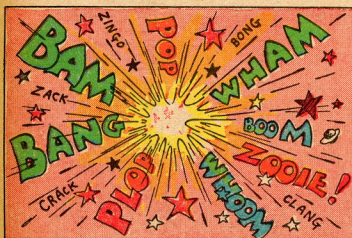
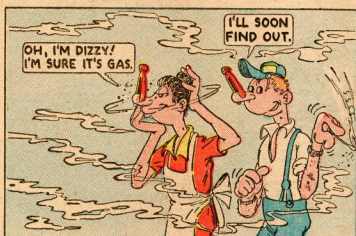
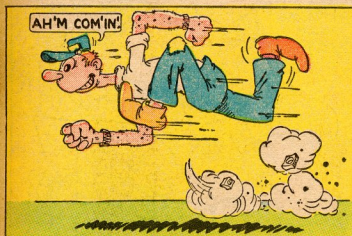
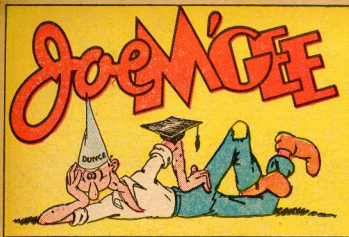
"GOOD MORNING, JUDGE" THE PRISONER SAID,
"WE MEET AGAIN SOMEHOW."
THE JUDGE REPLIED, "I WON'T SEE YOU
TILL SEVEN YEARS FROM NOW!"



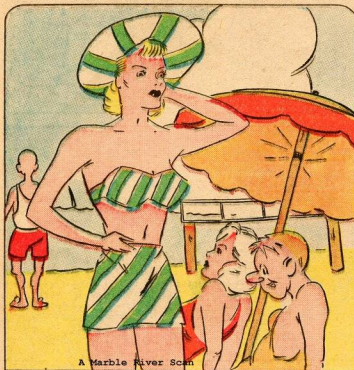
"I'M GOING HOME TO MOTHER,"
WIFEY SAID TO HUBBY DEAR.
SAID HE, "WELL THAT'S MUCH BETTER
THAN BRINGING HER IN HERE."







TELL ME ? MR. Wise Guy

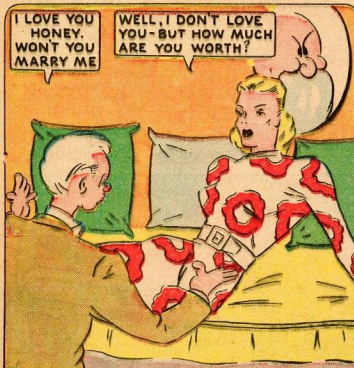


A Marble River Scene

DID YOU EVER AT THE BEACHES,
HEAR A BEAUTY SAY:
"I'M NIFTY LOOKING, BUT I HOPE
NONE WILL NOTICE ME TO-DAY." ??



DID YOU EVER HEAR COMPOSERS
OWN RIGHT UP AND SAY,
"WE STEAL OUR TUNES FROM MASTERS,
LONG DEAD AND PASSED AWAY."



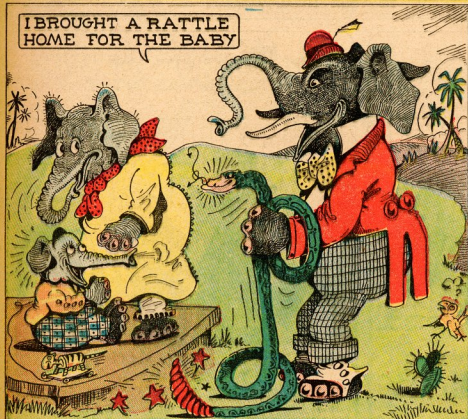
DID YOU EVER HEAR A GIRL
(THE THOUGHT FILLS ME WITH LAUGHTER)
SAY, 'I DON'T LOVE YOU AT ALL -
IT'S YOUR DOUGH I'M AFTER.'



YOU SHOULD TELL IF YOU HEARD THIS -
I REALLY THINK YOU OUGHTER -
A MOTHER SAY, "I REALLY THINK
YOUR TOO GOOD FOR MY DAUGHTER."

ANIMAL CRACKERS

I BROUGHT A RATTLE
HOME FOR THE BABY



I'M ALL OUT OF GAS.
STICK AROUND AND YOU'LL
PUT MY PATIENTS TO SLEEP



Just Sing.

MADE IN U.S.A.

**A NEW THRILLING
MUSICAL INSTRUMENT
ANYONE CAN PLAY!**

AND ONLY \$1.00!

Think of it!—No lessons to take! No tedious hours of practicing! Pick it up and play it like an expert in *five minutes!* Anyone can play the BAZOOKA—child or adult! You can make it sound like a trumpet, sax, cornet, trombone, French horn or tuba! You can trill on it or sing sweet music! A complete brass band in one instrument—all done with simple variations of the player's voice! It's fascinating! It's thrilling! It's sensational!

Did you see Bob Burns play the BAZOOKA in "Rhythm On The Range"? Have you heard him on the air? Well, this is the same instrument, gold-finished and equipped with a slide-trombone attachment! It looks like an expensive trumpet! It sounds like a ten piece band!

This is your chance to be the first in your town to own a genuine "Bob Burns BAZOOKA." It's sweeping the country because we guarantee ANYONE can play it in five minutes! Don't wait! Get on the BAZOOKA BAND-WAGON!

When you order your BAZOOKA we will tell you how you can earn money and valuable gifts by forming a "BAZOOKA BAND" in your town. But you must hurry to be first! Order now!

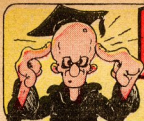
ONLY \$1.00, SHIPPED PREPAID

MANHATTAN MUSIC MART
210 Fifth Avenue, New York City

C.S.G.

I enclose \$1.00 (cash, check, m.o.). Ship me, prepaid, one "Bob Burns BAZOOKA" and tell me how I can earn money and valuable gifts by forming a BAZOOKA BAND.

NAME
ADDRESS
CITY
STATE



Brain Teasers

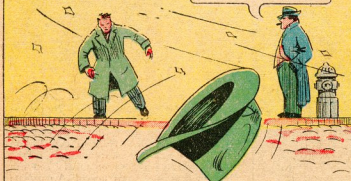


ADDRESS ALL ANSWERS TO THE DEAD LETTER OFFICE, OR
IF MORE CONVENIENT, TO YOUR LOCAL MORGUE

WHAT BOOK DOES
THIS REPRESENT ?

IT'S GONE...!

YES, WITH
THE WIND.



FIRST PRIZE ANY EMPTY SEAT
IN A STREET CAR.
SECOND PRIZE ... TWO DOZEN EGG
SHELLS.

WHAT CITY DOES
THIS REPRESENT ?

HELLO LOUIS!

HOW MUCH VILL
YOU GIVE ME FOR IT ?



FIRST PRIZE TWO OLD TREE
STUMPS.
SECOND PRIZE ... A PASS TO THE CHICAGO
WORLD'S FAIR.

WHAT BALL PLAYER
IS REPRESENTED ?

HOW IS YOUR BROTHER
BILL ?

OH , HE 'S
TERRY BLE.



FIRST PRIZE A DOZEN USED
MUSTARD PLASTERS.
SECOND PRIZE ... FOUR DOUGHNUT
HOLES.

WHAT ANIMAL IS
THIS ?

I DIDN'T DO IT.

STOP YOUR LYIN',
WILL YOU !



FIRST PRIZE TWO BROKEN PEN
POINTS.
SECOND PRIZE TWO EMPTY CANS OF
BAKED BEANS.

THE "TOPS" IN GOODNESS

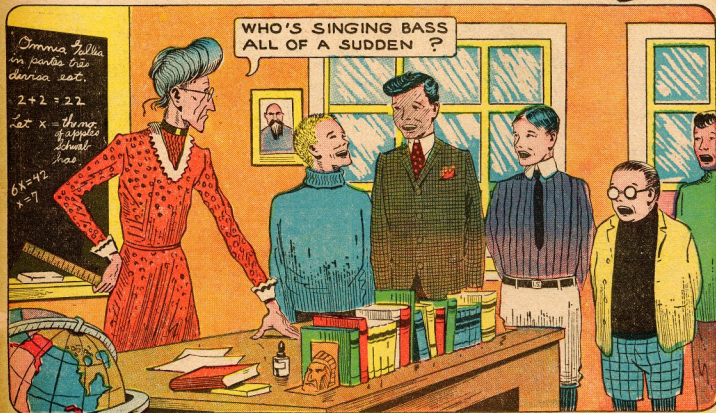
5¢
Butterfinger

CURTISS DELICIOUS ENERGIZING CANDY

Remember IT'S RICH IN DEXTROSE
THE SUGAR YOU NEED FOR ENERGY

CURTISS DELICIOUS ENERGIZING CANDY

When Father was a Boy?



Rolls Developed

TWO Beautiful Double Weight Professional Enlargements and Never Fade Prints, 25 cents.

ORDER TODAY

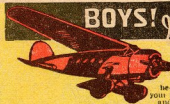
CENTURY PHOTO SERVICE
Box 829, Lacrosse, Wisconsin

LET ME TELL YOU

About your business, travel, finances, matrimony, love affairs, friends, enemies, lucks, days and many other interesting and important affairs of your life as indicated by astrology. Send for your special Astral Reading. All work strictly scientific, individual and guaranteed satisfactory. FOR MANY YEARS PRIVATE ASTROLOGICAL ADVISER TO ROYALTY AND THE ELITE. Write name, address and date of birth plainly. No money required, but if you like send 10 cents (at once, no coins) to help defray costs. Address: PUSOT TAPOR, (Dept. 488), Upper Puget Sound, BOMBAY VII, BRITISH INDIA. Postage in India 10¢.



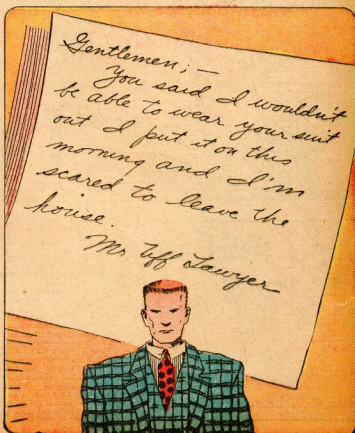
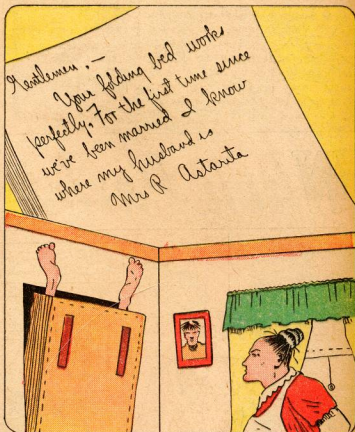
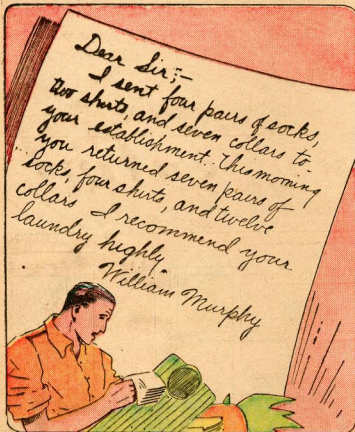
BOYS! 90¢ Free!



Here's a lot of fun and sport. Fly model airplanes, a real popular hobby. Send your name and address and we'll rush you the-man sport. Send your name and address and we'll rush you (1) a "HIA" Flyer Glider, a long-flying model plane (2) a "Heath" 1/2" Model Airplane, complete in every detail, sturdy, attractive (3) Booklet, "3 E-Z" Steps to Model Building (4) 16 Page Catalog of amazing HIA games, supplies, sports and kits. Please enclose 10¢ coin or stamps to help pay postage and clerical expense. Write your letter now to: HOBBY INSTITUTE OF AMERICA, Dept. 6-7, 435 East 68th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.



VOICE OF THE PEOPLE



BROADCAST and AMAZE Your Friends!

Put on your own broadcast with the WALCO MIKE, most entertaining radio device yet produced. Sing, laugh, talk, crack jokes from another room and your radio will produce every sound as though you were miles away at a regular broadcasting station.



THE WALCO MIKE

In handsome metal. Less than a minute to attach to any radio without tools. Fully guaranteed.

ONLY
\$1

Marvelous Fun at Parties

Imitate the big radio stars and crooners. Do a "Ben Bernie" or "Rudy Valley." No end of pleasure for grown-ups or kiddies. Excellent training in elocution. "Amateur Hour" practice or broadcast announcing. Special cut-out button allows you to switch from home broadcasting to regular radio reception in an instant. Can not injure your radio in any way.

Send No Money

5 Days Trial at Our Risk!

Merely mail the coupon. On delivery pay postman \$1 plus few cents postage. If not delighted return it in 5 days and your \$1 refunded at once.

ELECTRICAL LABORATORIES, Dept. 345,
49 East 21st Street, New York, N. Y.

Send Walco Mike, with complete instructions. Will pay postman \$1 plus few cents postage. If not delighted, will return in 5 days for \$1 refund.

☐ Check here if ENCLOSING \$1—thus saving postage charge. Same refund guarantee applies.

Name _____

Address _____

☐ Check here if you prefer chromium plated De Luxe model. Price \$1.50.

When Mother was a Girl



Baby Ruth

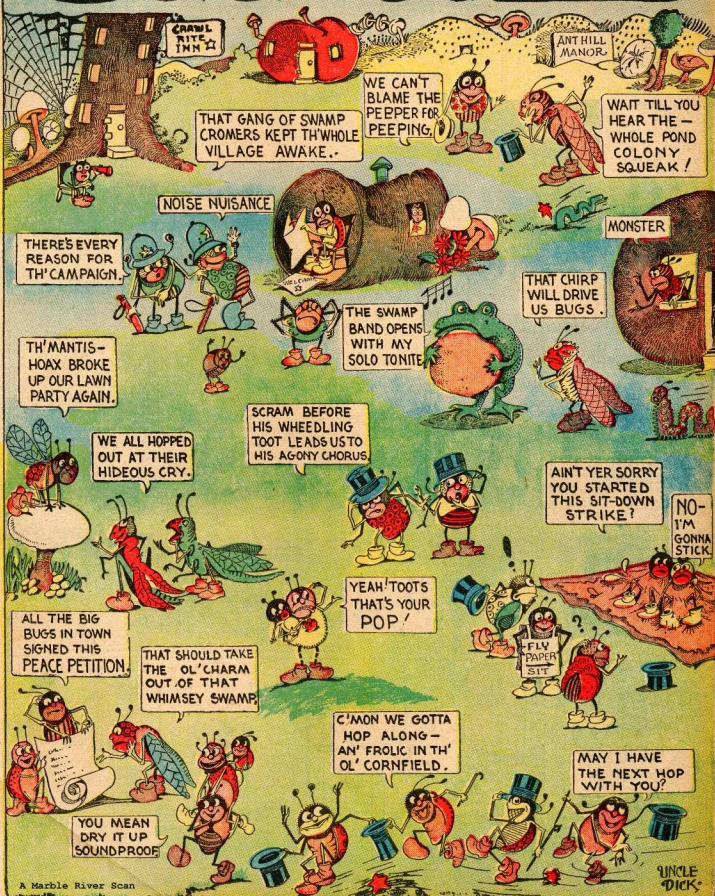
THE "SPOTLIGHT" CANDY OF AMERICA 5¢

Remember IT'S RICH IN DEXTROSE
THE SUGAR YOU NEED FOR ENERGY

CURTISS DELICIOUS ENERGIZING CANDY



BUG-VILLE



CRAWL
RITE
TOWN ☆

ANT HILL
MANOR

THAT GANG OF SWAMP
CROMERS KEPT TH'WHOLE
VILLAGE AWAKE..

WE CAN'T
BLAME THE
PEPPER FOR
PEEPING.

WAIT TILL YOU
HEAR THE -
WHOLE POND
COLONY
SQUEAK !

NOISE NUISANCE

THERE'S EVERY
REASON FOR
TH'CAMPAIGN.

MONSTER

TH'MANTIS-
HOAX BROKE
UP OUR LAWN
PARTY AGAIN.

THE SWAMP
BAND OPENS
WITH MY
SOLO TONITE

THAT CHIRP
WILL DRIVE
US BUGS .

SCRAM BEFORE
HIS WHEELING
TOOT LEADS US TO
HIS AGONY CHORUS.

WE ALL HOPPED
OUT AT THEIR
HIDEOUT TRY.

AIN'T YER SORRY
YOU STARTED
THIS SIT-DOWN
STRIKE?

NO-
I'M
GONNA
STICK

YEAH! TOOTS
THAT'S YOUR
POP!

ALL THE BIG
BUGS IN TOWN
SIGNED THIS
PEACE PETITION.

THAT SHOULD TAKE
THE OL'CHARM
OUT OF THAT
WHIMSEY SWAMP.

C'MON WE GOTTA
HOP ALONG -
AN' FROLIC IN TH'
OL' CORNFIELD .

MAY I HAVE
THE NEXT HOP
WITH YOU?

YOU MEAN
DRY IT UP
SOUNDPROOF

UNCLE
DICK

FELLOWS!

Get This Bike FREE--
and Your Choice of
500 Other Free Prizes!



Latest model, streamlined bike with deluxe equipment. Newest, most up-to-date accessories. Electric horn-light mounted on front fender. Electric tail-light, balloon tires, streamlined luggage carrier. Frame mounted entirely in rubber. All wiring concealed.

You can win this bike—absolutely free—as well as baseball equipment and 500 other swell prizes! Send for free prize book and instructions NOW . . . Use the coupon below . . . And remember—you make handsome cash profits IN ADDITION TO THE FREE PRIZES!

It's all free—it's easy—and it's FUN! Just rush that coupon to us—we'll send you all the details. They're free, too!

Use
this Coupon
NOW!

Liberty Magazine, Boy Sales Division, SR5
205 E 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

Please tell me how I can become a Liberty Boy
Salesman and make money and win free prizes.

NAME AGE

ADDRESS

CITY STATE

Please have your parents show approval by
signing here

Why People Say: "What Driving Power"!

**RICH IN
DEXTROSE
THE SUGAR YOU NEED FOR
ENERGY**



COPYRIGHT 1936,
THE CURTISS CANDY CO.

Energy is the motive force which keeps people active, alert, ambitious. The human body derives practically all its energy from Dextrose, known to doctors as "muscle" sugar. This vital sugar gives to Baby Ruth a food and energy value found in no other candy. That's why Baby Ruth is more than a fine pure candy . . . it is also a highly energizing food.

Whenever you eat Baby Ruth Candy, you are providing your body with the energizing elements it needs to ward off fatigue, to sustain activity. Get the Baby Ruth habit . . . it yields daily dividends in enjoyment, in priceless energy.



**DELICIOUS
ENERGIZING
CANDY**
*Slice and Serve
FOR ALL
OCCASIONS*

CURTISS CANDY CO., Otto Schnering, President, CHICAGO